# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. Entered at the Philadelphia Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Vol. 60. PUBLICATION OFFICE, NO. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1881. $3.00 a Year in Advance. Five Cents a Copy. No. 37.


### GONE AWAY.

BY RITA.

I will not think o' thee as cold and dead,
Low lying in the grave that I can see,
I would not stand beside when life had fled
And left thy body only, there for me.
I never saw thee with thy pale arms crossed
On that unbeating heart that was mine own,
They only told me all that I had lost
When from thy breast thy lovely soul had flown.

Thou wert not that! and so I turned away,
And left the house when other mourners stayed;
Nor did I come on that unhappy day
When in the tomb that dreadful thing was laid.
To me thou art not dead, but gone an hour
Into another country fair and sweet,
Where thou shalt by some undiscovered power
Be kept in youth and beauty till we meet.

So I will think of thee as living there,
And I will keep thy grave in sweetest bloom
As if thou gavedst a garden to my care
E'er thou departed from our earthly gloom.
Then when my day is done, and I too die,
'Twill be as if I journeyed to thy side;
And when all quiet we together lie
We shall not know that we have ever died.

# "HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

AN old gray church half hidden with trees. Round the stone porch, in letters worn with age, ran the quaint legend, "To pray best is to love best." In the cool shade one bright May morning a young girl stood with her face turned to the legend.

"'To pray best is to love best,'" she said to herself. "Ah me, is it true?"

It was a pale beautiful face, the eyes were heavy with unshed tears, and the expression was one of happiness mingled with fear.

A footstep sounded under the limes. She turned from the contemplation of the legend, and her eyes brightened as she saw a tall handsome man coming quickly towards her—brightened and then drooped.

"My darling," he said eagerly, "you are first. You must have risen early."

"I could not sleep," she answered—"I was so frightened."

"Frightened! What nonsense! What have you to fear?"

"What will the world say? What will my aunt say? I am really afraid."

"You need not be. We will leave here and go to Italy. Have no fear. See what I have brought for you!" He placed in her hands a bunch of lovely white lilies, gathered while the dew lay on them. "Forget all your fears; we will go where no one will know us or think of us; and we can live for love. Let me see you smile once before we go into the church."

A bright smile lighted up her face, and then they entered.

Half an hour passed, and once more the man and the girl stood in the porch, with clasped hands—husband and wife now; once more she looked at the old legend. Her face was as pale as the lilies she carried. He kissed the low brow and the white lips.

"You will meet me at the station," he said gently. "We have not many minutes to spare."

"I will be there in a few minutes," she promised, and disappeared under the drooping lime-branches.

In the vestry of the little church a clergyman stood looking at the marriage-register, and the names upon which his eyes rested were these—"Hugo Fayne," and "Isabel Hyne."

* * * * *

For many years Hugo Fayne, Earl of Caledon, had withdrawn from the fashionable world. He had been abroad, and, when he returned to England, had shut himself up in his palatial residence, Chandos. At first people had discussed his absence from society, had wondered at it, and then had gradually forgotten it. But now Fayne House in Belgravia was reopened, refurnished, and redecorated in the most superb fashion. And there was a rumor that Lady Iris Fayne, the only daughter and sole heiress of the Earl of Caledon, was at the next Drawing-room to be presented to the Queen. In society the rumor caused a sensation for three reasons—first, there had been a dearth of beauties lately; secondly, much had been said of the loveliness and pride of the heiress of Chandos; thirdly, unlike those of most noble families, the estates were not entailed. Failing sons, the daughters of the House of Caledon could succeed to them, the only condition being that when a daughter married her husband should take the name of "Fayne." It was well known that when her father died Lady Iris would be mistress of magnificent Chandos, of Fenton Woods, and Fayne House—a glorious inheritance.

Lady Iris had been educated abroad, and was in her seventeenth year when she returned to England. The Earl knew that a change must ensue. He must give up his wanderings and his pleasant bachelor-habits for the sake of his beautiful daughter.

Madame La Motte, who had superintended the completion of her education, had written to the Earl, saying that the Lady Iris Fayne was now of an age to be removed from school and introduced to the world. The Earl was half pleased, half puzzled. He went at once to Paris; and he owned to himself, when he saw the rare and dainty loveliness of his daughter, that she was ready for introduction to the great world.

To his critical eye there was a little of the schoolgirl about her; but that could be easily remedied. He would travel with her for some months through Germany, Italy, and Spain. He did so, and in April returned to Chandos, intending to go up to town in May. While abroad it had struck him that he must have a chaperon for his fair and dainty daughter. He wrote to a distant kinswoman, a Mrs. Bellew, and asked her if she would give up her home for a few years and take up her abode with Lady Iris. Mrs. Bellew was only too willing; and it was arranged that she should be at Chandos when the travelers returned.

Mrs. Bellew had heard much of Chandos—it was considered to be one of the largest and handsomest mansions in England—but even she was startled at its size and magnificence. Noble avenues of ancient elms and ivy-wreathed oaks led up to it, a park that was one of the finest in England surrounded it, and the river Rille, a broad and beautiful stream, ran through the estate.

Chandos had been originally built by one of the Tudor kings, as a place where he could enjoy some rest and respite from the "cares that creep within the crown." He gave it to his friend and favorite Baron Fayne and bestowed upon him the title of Earl of Caledon. So the Caledons of Chandos had for many generations been foremost in the land, and every honor had been lavished on them. The motto of the family was, 'Hold with honor.' The crest, chosen by the same king who had created the earldom, was a lion with a white lily on a blue shield. In olden times the cry of "The lion and the lily!" had scattered the foe and made bolder the hearts of friends.

All round Chandos there still remained the trace of royal residence. The forest where the stately deer browsed was called the King's Forest, and the nearest town was Kingsdene. The principal rooms in the mansion, which was magnificently decorated, opened upon a noble entrance hall, in which was a broad oak staircase with superbly-carved balusters, leading to a picture gallery that had no equal in the country. The great staircase and the hall were fitted with stained glass. Over the grand entrance, above the large windows, and round the pillars was the motto—"Held with honor." On the great iron gates, over the hall door, carved on the rich marble mantelpieces, over the doors of the principal rooms, were the lion and the white lily on shields.

Mrs. Bellew had been accustomed to magnificent houses; but the splendors of this in its ancestral glory startled her. Her duties suddenly assumed a solemn aspect; she was to be the guide and friend of the heiress of this grand old place.

As she walked up and down the broad terraces she wondered what Lady Iris would be like, and how she should get on with her.

Mrs. Bellew herself was fair and comely; she was sensible, calm, and judicious, and was well-suited for the position she was about to occupy. She was dressed with great care and elegance. First impressions, she knew, were everything; and she wished to impress Lady Iris most favorably.

Half an hour later she was talking to a tall slender young beauty, who carried herself with the utmost grace and ease—a girl with a face that was peerless in its dainty high-bred loveliness; and Mrs. Bellew was saying to her—

"You are wonderfully like the Faynes. Do you know the old rhyme about the Ladies Fayne?"

"No, I have never heard it," replied the girl, interested at once.

"It is an old rhyme. I used to hear my mother sing it; she was a Fayne. This is it:

"'All the Faynes are fair of face,
All the Faynes are full of grace,
All the Faynes are proud and cold—
They their name with honor hold!'"

"The last line is the only one I care for," said Lady Iris. "The others are full of flattery."

"Do you think it flattery to be called 'proud and cold'?" asked Mrs. Bellew.

"Yes; decidedly I do. I like cold people, and I like proud people. Above all, I like people who hold their names in honor, as we Faynes do."

And that little conversation gave the anxious chaperon some faint idea of the character of Lady Iris.

After a few days the Earl and his daughter found themselves comfortably established in their magnificent home. A beautiful suite of rooms had been prepared for Lady Iris. She loved the sunshine and the flowers, and her rooms overlooked the terrace on the western side of the building. Few lots in life seemed more enviable than hers. Young, healthy, gifted with rarest beauty, heiress to one of the finest estates in the kingdom, clever and witty, loved and adored wherever she went, able to do anything she wished—what brighter life could there be than that of Lady Iris Fayne? She lived in a palatial home, rich in pictures, decorations, and furniture, and she possessed every luxury that her heart desired.

She owned this to herself on the morning following her return, as she stood on the terrace, a gentle breeze bringing a delicate bloom to her face. Over the great western window ran the proud words, "Hold with honor." The girl's eyes grew dim as she saw them, her heart beat faster, and she drew a deep breath.

"They are beautiful words," she said to herself; "and they shall be the rule of my life."

She seemed to realise the beauty, the grandeur, and the time-honored magnificence of her home. As far as she could see over the undulating woodland, all was one day to be her own.

"I will made one prayer," she murmured; "and it is that I may so live my life that at its close the truest epitaph that can be placed above me will be 'Held in honor.'"

A footman came slowly towards her, and she turned away lest he should see the tears in her eyes.

It was only a message to say that Lord Caledon was in the breakfast-room awaiting her ladyship's presence.

"I hope I have not detained you, papa?" she cried when she entered the room. "It is so beautiful on the terrace that I could hardly leave it."

"There are few places like Chandos," returned the Earl complacently.

"There are few people like you, papa," she said, kissing the kind face looking so admiringly and lovingly at her.

## CHAPTER II.

THE breakfast-table was cleared, but the Earl and his daughter still lingered in the pretty, airy, bright room. Lord Caledon had opened his favorite newspaper and was reading one of the leading articles; Mrs. Bellew was busy with some fine lace-work; and Lady Iris was gazing thoughtfully from the window at the spring flowers.

"Papa," she said, suddenly, "when I was here last I was a child, and I had no greater interest than a new dress or a doll. Now I should much like to know who are our neighbors."

With an amused smile, the Earl laid down his paper.

"I shall be very much pleased, my dear Iris, to put you quite au courant with the neighborhood. It will not take very long. Our nearest, and I may say best, neighbor is Lady Clyffarde of Clyffe Hall."

"I remember her," said Lady Iris. "She is tall, with dark eyes and hair."

"Yes, that is Lady Clyffarde. Her son Sir Fulke succeeded last year. His mother still lives with him. Do you remember Fulke at all?"

"No, not at all, papa," was the girl's reply.

"I am very fond of him," said the Earl. "He is to my mind a very fine young man; besides which, he has a great political career before him."

"I hope he will enjoy it, papa," she returned, with calm unconsciousness. "I shall be pleased to see Lady Clyffarde again."

"She has often talked about you, Iris; she will be the first to call upon you. Clyffe Hall is very ancient and beautiful—you will be delighted with it."

Turning suddenly, she asked:

"Who has bought Hyne Court, papa? I heard it was sold."

"Ah, Iris, you have touched now upon the weak point of the whole country. When poor Lord Hyne died, his affairs were in a terrible state of embarrassment. Everything was sold—from the old house where the Hynes had lived long generations to the rings its last mistress had worn. The Court and everything else—plate, pictures, horses, and carriages—were purchased by one of the wealthiest men in England—a wealthy man, but a horror—you understand me, Iris, a horror!"

"In what way, papa?" she questioned, gently.

"My dear, he is a millionaire. And he has made his money—just try and imagine how!"

"Made it?" she questioned, with a disdainful curl of her beautiful lip. "Made it, you say?"

"Yes, he has accumulated this enormous fortune by means of coal and iron. He began life as a collier's boy. He worked himself into a better position, educated himself, was made superintendent of a mine, and then he hit upon some grand invention, and was taken into partnership. After a time he invested in some other mines; and next he purchased a large area of land in which one of the most productive coal veins was found. And now he is worth millions!"

"A most industrious man," said Lady Iris, carelessly, "and very successful, too. So he has bought Hyne Court? I remember that better than any other place in the neighborhood."

"Yes," continued the Earl, "Richard Bardon, Esquire, is now master of Hyne Court. Rumor says that he will be offered a peerage when the present Government goes out."

"Offered a peerage!" repeated the girl, with eyes that flashed as she looked upon the ancient motto, "Held with honor." "If I were a man I should not care for a peerage unless it came by hereditary descent, and was at least three hundred years old. Go on, papa, if you please."

"Richard Bardon is a tall, stout man, with a florid face, and a deep bass voice, a loud laugh, and a familiar manner that at times is apt to make one grow warm. He has never aspirated the letter 'h' in his life, and never will. It is reported of him that,

after having rendered some great service to the country, one of the Royal Dukes paid him a visit. Bardon had been carefully drilled as to how he should receive his royal guest, but his instincts were too much for him. He grasped the Prince's hand and gave him a tremendous slap on the shoulder. 'I am glad to see your 'andsome and 'earty face, your 'ighness!' he cried. And the Duke was much amused at his reception. "Andsome and 'earty' was Bardon's name for many months afterwards. He had a wife—well, politeness forbids me to describe her. Instead of walking, she rolls, and, instead of smiling, she simpers. She calls her husband 'Mr. B.,' and she is always speaking of 'Mr. B. and his 'igh connections.'"

'What dreadful people!" sighed Lady Iris.

"I have not finished yet," said the Earl. "They have one daughter, Marie—certainly the most honest, straightforward, well intentioned girl I have ever met. Nothing ever makes her ashamed of her parents; and she will not own that they are in any way inferior to other people. In addition, the millionnaire has a son and heir—a fine, handsome, talented young man. The father is Lord Lieutenant of the county. The son is Master of the Huntingdon Hounds. The father declares that he could buy up half a dozen dukes, and that his son must marry a duke's daughter, while the son says he'll marry to please himself."

"What horrible people! And do you really mean, papa, that they are received in society?"

The Earl looked thoughtfully at his daughter.

"My dear Iris, in this country a man with an income of half a million yearly is a power in the land; he can do so much that society is compelled to tolerate him; he can, for instance, secure an election. There is literally no end to his influence; so that society makes the best of it, and grudgingly gives him a place."

"In fact, they despise the man, but respect his wealth," said Lady Iris. "That is mean. I would respect both or neither."

"Money is a power that must always be respected," returned the Earl slowly. "I assure you that the whole county has improved since the millionnaire came to reside in it. He has built churches, almshouses, schools, and hospitals. One hears nothing but the name of Bardon; the Bardon Almshouse, the Bardon Hospital, the Bardon Convalescent Home, the Bardon Schools, and the Bardon Free Libraries are scattered all over the county. The man is a power in the land; one cannot help knowing him."

'Papa," she asked, with something of awe in her voice, "do you ask those people here?" Unconsciously her eyes sought the motto, "Held with honor" as she spoke.

"I am compelled to do so. You must understand, Iris, that there are two great powers in the land; aristocracy is one and money is another. All the blue blood in the country would be useless without money; the powers must work harmoniously, not disagree."

She raised her head with a proud graceful gesture peculiar to her.

"I would far rather," she said, "have the consciousness of good birth than any amount of money."

'Quite right, my dear; so would I. Nevertheless, as I tell you, the two powers must in this prosaic generation go hand in hand."

'Must I visit these people?' asked Lady Iris.

"They are sure to call. You may just return the visit; that is all they can expect from you, Iris."

"It is all they will get, papa," she said, smiling. "And now will you take me to see my mother's portrait?"

A shadow came over the Earl's face.

"If you desire it, my dear," he answered slowly.

'I do desire it. I have often felt sorry that, unlike the other girls at school, I had no portrait of my dear mother in my locket. My school companions often wondered why I had none. Have a photograph of her portrait taken, and I will wear it in a locket—I love her so well."

"If I had known that you desired her photograph, my dear, I would have sent you one."

"I wonder," said the girl half sadly, "that your own heart did not suggest it, papa. It is part of every girl's nature to love her mother. One of my greatest anticipations in coming home was that I should see the pictured face of my mother."

They went through the magnificent entrance-hall and up the grand oaken staircase to the picture-gallery. The gallery contained a superb collection of pictures. There was the portrait of the Tudor king who had built Charlcote, and near him the flower-like face of his queen. Round the walls hung the Caledons of old generations—grim warriors, bland statesmen, and gallant courtiers, with their wives, "ladies fair of face and full of grace."

"Take me to my mother's picture first, papa," said Lady Iris. "It used to hang between the windows there. Where is it now?"

"I removed it so that it might hang in a better light," said the Earl slowly.

They went down the long gallery, he quite silent, with a deep shadow on his face, she with a tender light in her beautiful eyes.

"No one could be happier than I am, papa—no father could be kinder or more indulgent than you," she said gently; "but do you know that I miss my mother? When the girls at school spoke of their mothers, my heart ached. There can be no love on earth so beautiful as that between mother and child!"

He was still silent, and the shadow on his face deepened.

Lady Iris looked at him, with a tender little laugh.

"I am half ashamed to tell you, papa; but I often dream of mamma when I am in great trouble—I dream that she is holding me in her arms, that she kisses my face and comforts me."

They stopped before the portrait of a noble, stately-looking lady with a dark beautiful face and dark eyes.

"Mamma!" cried the girl impetuously. "Oh, if she could but speak to me—only one word! How beautiful she is! After all, it is but a picture, and, strange to say, my heart does not warm to it as it does to the dream-mother. Papa, it is the loveliest face in the gallery."

He spoke then.

"She was both beautiful and good, my dear."

She bent forward and read the name.

"'Guinevere, Countess of Caledon.' How well the name suited her! Did she love me very much, papa? Was she sorry to die and leave me? Do tell me something more about her."

His voice was hard and cold as he answered:

"There are some things of which no man can bear to speak, Iris; and this is one. I—I cannot talk to you of your mother."

She put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

"I will not ask you. But tell me this one thing. She was a Talbot, was she not,—one of the Talbots of Groome?"

"Yes: she was the only child and heiress of Sir Bernard Talbot of Groome," he replied.

"Shall I ever see any of her relatives?" she asked.

"She had very few, Iris, and all correspondence between us died long since."

"Let us renew it, papa," she said pleadingly; but the Earl turned to her and answered—

"No, Iris. It would lead to nothing but pain."

And for long afterwards Lady Iris Fayne thought sadly of her father's words.

* * * * *

"What are you studying so attentively, Iris?"

On going into the library, he found his daughter with her head over a book. So deeply engrossed was she that she did not even hear his footsteps or the first words he addressed to her.

"Iris," he repeated, "what are you reading?"

Then she looked up at him with a bright smile.

"The Englishman's Bible, papa; or, in other words, 'Burke's Peerage,'" she replied.

"What are you seeking there?" he asked.

"Your name and all about you, papa. How well it reads! Lister-- Caledon, Earl of, Hugo Francis Hylton Fayne, fourteenth Earl. Born May 24 h, 18—, succeeded his father 1858. Educated at Eton and Oxford. Married Guinevere, sole daughter and heiress of Sir Bernard Talbot of Groome. No sons; heiress, his daughter the Lady Iris Fayne. Motto, 'Held with honor;' crest, lion and lily.' I may be prejudiced," she continued; "none the less however that certainly seems to me the very prettiest paragraph in the 'Peerage.' But, papa, how is it that the date of my birth is not there?"

The Earl looked at her with a startled glance.

"Is it not there, Iris?"—and, bending down, he looked over her shoulder.

"No. You see all that is inserted is my name: but the date of my birth is not given. Still there is one advantage—I may grow old with impunity; no one will turn to the 'Peerage' for my age. How is it, papa, do you think?"

"I should say, my dear, that it is an oversight that has arisen from the fact that you were not born in England."

"I should like to see my birthplace. Why did we not go there when we were on the Continent?"

"Because my past is a painful one, Iris. I loved your mother as few men love their wives. Why should I reopen old wounds? Your birthplace is the lovely quaint little town of Bergheim on the Rhine, a picturesque old-fashioned place, built on one of the rocks that look down upon the river. The town looks as if asleep in the sunshine, and by moonlight it is indescribably beautiful. We were there three months; and I have the keenest affection for the spot for your mother's sake."

"Poor mamma!" sighed the girl. "When I go up the Rhine again, I shall love it all the more for thinking how often those dark eyes of hers have rested upon it!"

Lord Caledon rose hastily from his chair and with bent head and troubled countenance walked up and down the room.

Presently he stopped before his daughter, and, bending over her, he kissed the fair young face.

"Iris, my darling, bear this in mind. I am not unkind, I am perhaps over-sensitive; but, if we are to live together happily, you must spare me this constant reference to the past. I loved your mother, and I cannot bear it."

The next moment the "Peerage" lay upon the floor, and the girl's arms were round her father.

"Forgive me, papa! How cruel I am to you. And yet I meant to be so kind. I will remember how it must pain you. I knew so little of her; and in my heart there is always a longing to hear of her, a longing I cannot define or understand. I feel as though she had something to say to me, and it prompts me always to ask questions about her. It seems strange that no one talks to me about my mother. Mrs Bellew, as kind as she is, always tries to change the subject. But I promise you most faithfully, papa, that I will remember how it pains you, and not speak of her again."

The Earl laid his hand upon the fair young head.

"I am sure that you will always try to help me and be my greatest comfort. You know, Iris, that every man has two sides to his life, the outward side of mine is that I am a man of wealth and position, the inward side is that I had a passionate love for your mother. She was the one love of my life, and, losing her—ah, well, you could not understand that, I am sure!"

"I will be so careful, papa," she said, with such pretty penitence that he was charmed, and the gray look left his face. He smiled, and tried to turn her thoughts into another channel.

"It is time you thought of your presentation Iris," he said. "There will be a Drawing Room during the first week in May. Will you be ready for that?"

"I can be ready at any time if I have three days' notice. I shall see Madame Valiere about my Court dress. Am I to wear the Caledon diamonds, papa?"

"They are yours, my dear Iris, and I have had them exquisitely reset. Will Mrs. Bellew present you?"

The lovely dainty face flushed crimson.

'Mrs Bellew, papa? No, certainly—that is, I hope not."

"Why?" asked the Earl.

"Why? I should not like it. I wish some lady of higher rank even than my own to do so. You said the other day that you had spoken of me to the Duchess of Clifton when you met her in Rome. I should like the Duchess to present me."

"I am sure she will be delighted. But what a proud young lady you are!"

"Yes," she answered, "I am proud; I do not deny it. To my rank as your daughter certain privileges are attached. Why should I forego them? One most certainly is that I should be presented to the Queen by a lady of high degree."

"You argue very logically," laughed the Earl. 'Madame told me you were proud. I begin to see some truth in it."

"There is pride and pride, papa. I am proud—I own it most frankly—of my name, of my birth, of the ancient honor and grandeur of my race. I am proud of my beautiful home. I could not endure to see it profaned by vulgar people; nor could I endure that any word or deed of mine should ever bring even the faintest stain on my name. I am too proud to be mean or to tell a lie. I feel proud when I think of those words, 'Held with honor.' Anything that could show that honor would be more bitter than death to me. You know the two lines, papa—

"'All the Faynes are proud and cold,
They their names with honor hold.'

I am proud and cold, and I should not care to change my nature."

Lord Caledon looked thoughtfully at her. Young as she was, she had evidently firm and settled ideas of her own. She would have but little pity or mercy for anyone who brought the taint of disgrace on her ancient name.

"I often think," continued Lady Iris, "that pride and courage go together. Who was prouder than the beautiful Marie Antoinette? She never quailed before the horrible crowd that rejoiced in her death. I could do that. I would have faced that crowd with a smile, and not one should have been able to say I feared to die."

'Such courage comes from something higher than pride, Iris," said the Earl. "You have peculiar ideas for so young a girl. Pride, however, disguise it as we may, is a sin."

"Nay, papa, I cannot think that. Pride is a great preservative of character, I think."

And Lord Caledon laughed as he quitted the room.

"A few years," he thought, "will make a great difference in her. What a proud girl she is; and how well her pride suits her beauty! Any great blow to her notions would kill her, I believe."

He was sad and silent all the rest of the day. The motto of his race emblazoned everywhere struck him with fresh force. "Held with honor." Was it always so easy to follow?

After her last conversation with the Earl, Iris went once more to the gallery to look at her mother's portrait. She wanted to study the face, to find out from it the traits of character which had won such deep worship from her father. She formed a fair picture as she stood before the portrait, with her long white dress trailing on the floor, the sunlight falling upon her fair hair and upon her lovely face and white throat, her hands clasped, and her earnest eyes riveted on the painted lineaments. She did not in the least resemble the noble stately-looking woman who had been Countess of Caledon.

Lady Iris was tall, with a slender, graceful figure. There was something queenly in her careless ease and proud bearing; and every movement was perfect in its beauty. She had an oval face, fair as the whitest petal of a lily, with the exquisite color that one sees in the heart of a wild rose. Her eyes were of the color of a wood violet, shaded by long lashes, and her mouth was simply perfection, with the proudest and daintiest of curves. Straight dark brows and a mass of fine fair hair completed her beauty.

The face in the picture was dark, having the hues of a damask rose, with dark hair and eyes. There was something almost melancholy in the face, as though the shadow of early death lay there. One white shoulder was covered with crimson velvet and ermine, the other gleamed like a pearl. One hand clasped the ermine, the other rested lightly on it.

"No child could ever be less like a mother than I am like mine," said Lady Iris to herself. "My eyes and hair are quite different. Why am I so unlike you, mother?" she said, addressing the picture.

As she stood there, she thought how different life would be for her if that dear mother were still living.

"I may not talk to papa about her—and perhaps no one else cares to hear; but every day I shall come here and see her."

A footstep in the gallery disturbed her, and Mrs. Bellew came up to her.

"My dear Lady Iris, I could not find you. What are you doing here?"

"I am talking to mamma," was the answer, which somewhat startled the good chaperon, who laughed a little surprised laugh.

"You are very strange, Lady Iris—you have such peculiar ideas! Lady Clyffarde is here and very anxious to see you. Will you come?"

'Certainly. Of all people I long most to see Lady Clyffarde. I will go with you now."

"She is in the long drawing room and the Earl is with her."

With quick light footsteps Lady Iris left the gallery and hastened to the long drawing room.

A lady rose to greet her, a tall handsome woman of noble presence, dressed in dark gray velvet.

"Lady Iris!" she cried. "Why, when I saw you last you were a child—and now you are a beautiful woman!"

"The 'beautiful woman' is very pleased to see you, dear Lady Clyffarde," said Lady Iris laughingly. "I have been longing to see you ever since I came home."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

---

A QUEER DOG.—There is a dog at Brighton—a remarkable dog—a large poodle. Sometimes that dog has a purple body, with a yellow head and a green tail; sometimes he is scarlet and puce. He is a kind of rainbow dog. The fact is he belongs to a dyer in the town, and being naturally white, he takes any other color easily, and now he gets a dip in one vat, and now in another, and he forms a sort of canine advertisement. It is fun to see this dog who is quite unconscious of his distinguished condition, come up to other dogs wagging his yellow head and green tail, and the way that those dogs, after regarding him out of the corner of their eyes for a minute, tuck their tails between their legs and "scoot" is a caution. Some time since a friend of ours, who had been occasionally a victim of the "old complaint," was going down to Brighton for the race week in great health and spirits. When driving from the station he suddenly came on this dog. "Hello, hey! What's that? Hey! hey! what! a purple dog with a green tail! Oh, lor! oh, lor! get 'em again!" and he turned round and went back to London, firmly persuaded that he was again a victim to D. T.

---

Strolling leisurely about a shipboard, says an English paper, one day recently, we observed a regular hard-weather sailor looking as from a man-of-war, who, in turn, was watching two men dragging a seven foot cross cut saw through a huge liveoak log. The saw was dull, the log very tough, and they went see-saw, see-saw, pull, push, push, pull. Jack studied the matter over awhile, until he came to the conclusion that they were trifling to see who would get the saw, and as one was a monstrous big chap while the other was a little fellow, Jack decided to see fair play; so giving the big one a clip under the ear that capsized him end over end, he jerked the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, sung out, "Now run, you beggar!"

# Our New Premiums.

Some of our readers seem to think our Diamante Brilliants can be obtained for 19 cents; some, more generous, send us 57 cents; and others are under the impression that they are entitled to a ring, a pair of earrings, or a stud, and the Post one year for $2.00. If our friends know the real value of these Premiums, they would gladly accept our very reasonable terms. Any one of the new Premiums costs us more in actual cash than 52 copies of the Post. Please don't forget this, and you will save us no end of trouble.

For $2.00 and 19 three-cent stamps we send by Registered Mail any one of the Premiums and extend your present subscription one year, or send the paper one year to any address you desire. For a club of two subscribers one year, at $2.00 each, we give the sender any one of the Premiums; for $5.00 any two Premiums, and three yearly subscriptions; and for $6.00 all three Premiums and four subscriptions. We could sell any of the Diamante Brilliants readily for $5.00 without the Post, for similar articles sell in Philadelphia now for from $5.00 to $15.00 each.

These Premiums positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in SOLID GOLD, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamante Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth $100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitute for real diamonds ever produced.

## More Recipients Heard From.

Fond du Lac, Wis., March 17, 1881.
Publishers Saturday Evening Post:—I received the Diamante ring, and am well pleased with it. I think I can get some more subscribers to your paper.
M. H. E.

Holloway's Store, Va., March 10, 1881.
Gents:—The ring has been received, and exactly as you represented. I will distribute certificates and do all in my power to promote the interest of your valuable paper.
W. H. S.

Elm Grove, W. Va., March 15, 1881.
Gentlemen:—Your Diamante brilliant stud I received to day, and find it as you represented, and am pleased with it; and every person says, where did you purchase the "daisy" diamond. You will hear from me soon again.
M. H.

Rockdale, Tex., March 9, 1881.
Mr. Editor:—I received your paper and the ring. Am well pleased with both. The ring is more than I expected. It is equal in appearance to a diamond.
L. J. T.

Milford Centre, Ohio, March 18, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium for the Post received all right and in good condition. I am very well pleased with it; will recommend it to my friends, as it surpasses my expectations. As a premium and ornament any lady or gent may feel proud to wear, and would like to possess the whole set.
S. C. G.

Oaskin, W. Va., March 12, 1881.
Dear Sir:—I received the premium ring, and I think I can truly say that it is the best premium I have received yet as a free gift. I consider it as such, for the Post is well worth the money paid for it. I have been taking the Post for a number of years, and have my first time to regret the money paid out for it.
D. W. C.

Rochester, N. Y., March 16, 1881.
Dear Sir:—Your most elegant premium came duly to hand this day. I can truly say it is well worth twenty times that which it costs a subscriber. It is far beyond what I expected. I can recommend your paper to all for home reading. Please accept my most sincere thanks for all.
O. F. D.

Cleveland, March 15, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—I have had several presents before from you in the way of nice finger rings, but the earring is the climax—the one fit for a queen to wear.
H. P.

Wrightstown, March 14 1881.
The Diamante ring far surpassed my expectations. It is very handsome, equal to any ring of diamonds I ever saw.
Mrs. K. A.

Greenville, Ala., March 14, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Premium received, and they are indeed beautiful. I would not take $5 for mine.
Mrs. N. J. E.

Ashley, Ill., March 16, 1881.
Dear Post:—The premiums are received, and are exquisite beauties, and far excel my anticipation. They are elegant to say the least, and are well worth the price of the paper alone. The paper is rich and rare.
J. A. A.

Indianapolis, March 17, 1881.
Saturday Evening Post:—The premium earrings reached me yesterday. Many, many thanks. My friends all agree with me that they are perfectly lovely, and I think will bring you many subscribers to your enterprising paper.
Mrs. C. B. H.

Silver Cliff, March 13 1881.
Dear Sir:—I acknowledge the receipt of the ring. It is all that you represent, and I am well satisfied.
C. Z. C.

Dayton, O., March 15, 1881.
Gent'emen:—The earrings received. They are a valuable premium, well worth much more than they cost. I have taken the Post a number of years, and think it a valuable paper.
J. S. B.

Statesville, N. C., March 15, 1881.
I've received the premium from you and it was all you claimed for it.
Miss A. M. T.

Witt, Ill., March 5, 1881.
"Saturday Evening Post:"—Received premium, and consider it everything represented.
A. S.

Jeddo, March 10, 1881.
Editors "Saturday Evening Post:"—I write to inform you that my wife received the two sets of earrings as premiums for the Post, and she requests me to say they are beautiful, and fully everything you represented in all particulars.
T. D.

Petersburg, N. Y., March 8, 1881.
Gents:—The Diamante Brilliants came duly to hand, with which I am well pleased.
A. B.

Leaksville, N. C., March 8, 1881.
Mr. Editor:—Your paper, and your "Diamond ing Premium," are both beyond my expectations. I shall do my best to get you more subscribers.
W. E. H.

With such indorsements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books.
Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
**726 Sansom Street, Philada.**

# Making His Way.

BY H. BELLMONT.

EDWARD STONE stood impatiently upon the top step of his uncle Dan's residence. Having rang several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of one of the upper windows.

"Young man, go round to the side door!"

Startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed.

Upon the step, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a pretty young girl of fifteen.

Setting down her broom, she ushered him in to a medium-sized, plainly furnished room, which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.

"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here."

A faint smile touched the rosy lips, and with a demure "Yes, sir" the girl vanished.

A few minutes later, an elderly gentleman entered.

"Well, sir, and what is your business with me?"

"I am your nephew, Edward Stone. I came to pay my respects to you, sir."

"Yes; but what do want me to do for you?"

"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you, and ask you to give me a lift." "I've been in a warehouse since I left school."

"Saved no thing from your salary, I suppose?"

"No; its not more than enough for my expenses."

"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. What is the business you want to engage in?"

"Stationery and books. One thousand will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only to lend it; I will give my note, with interest."

"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars, and I warn you that it will prove a poor investment at that. I can give you some advice, though, which if you'll follow it will be worth to you a good many times over the amount you ask. But you won't do it."

"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative. "I'd like to hear it."

"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the warehouse, and save a few dollars a week from your salary which you can easily do; learning in the meantime, all you possibly can in regard to the business you intend to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again."

"You'd rather save my money than advice, I daresay," added Mr. Stone, as Edward rose to go; "but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew; the train you will have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her.

"Polly!" he called out, opening the door into the hall.

In prompt obedience to the summons, the rosy cheeked, bright-eyed girl tripped in.

"Polly," continued her father, "this is your cousin, Edward. He leaves by the six o'clock train; and I want you to make his short stay as pleasant as possible."

Mary's only reply to this was by a smile.

Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made; but the quaint cordial greeting of his young hostess soon put him completely at his ease.

At her father's request—who was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary played for her cousin; and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced.

Edward refused the note tendered to him by his uncle at parting for his travelling expenses.

The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocket book.

"He's a sensible young fellow after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after their guest. "It's in him, if it only can be brought out. We shall see—we shall see."

Three years later, Mr. Stone and his daughter paused in front of a small but neat and pleasant looking shop, over the door of which were these words—"Edward Stone Stationer and Bookseller."

It being too early in the day for customers they found the proprietor alone, whose face flushed with pride and pleasure as he greeted them.

"I got your card, nephew," said the old man, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called to see how you were getting on. I thought it about time I gave you the little lift you asked of me three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it, though."

"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow the money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."

"Just what you wanted to do."

Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.

"It isn't what I've done, though. I've saved every week from my salary for the last three years; and so was not only able to pay the money down, but had a few dollars besides."

"Bravo, my boy!" cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand which made our hero wince. "I'm proud of you! You're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. Come and see us whenever you can. You'll always find a welcome."

Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended—a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed.

Our hero's business grew and prospered until he began to think of removing to a larger place.

His uncle had given him several liberal orders as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until one Christmas eve.

Entering the room where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said—

"I musn't delay any longer the 'little lift' I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned."

Edward glanced from the five thousand dollar cheque to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.

"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserve, but——"

"But what, lad? Speak out! Would you prefer it in some other form?"

Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand that he had taken in his.

"Yes, uncle—in this."

The old man looked keenly from one to the other.

"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"

"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.

The father's eyes moistened.

"Then go my daughter. I give you to worthy keeping; and if you make your husband's heart as happy as your mother made mine during the few, short years that she tarried by my side, he will be blest indeed."

---

THE CARNIVAL IN PERU.—It would require a man of wide and varied experience to describe how they "play at carnival in Peru." The aim all have in view is to get as much wild enjoyment out of the three days of license as possible. A lady may receive a little scented water, from a delicate syringe, or she may receive the contents of a bottle of pickles and the yolk of an egg on the crown of her head; she may stand in her balcony and pelt the passers by with egg-shells filled with sweet things, or she may find her house invaded, and herself placed gently in her bath. To pass through the streets of Lima is to ensure a drenching, either from those very convenient balconies, or from the brawny negress who coolly awaits your coming with a pail of water, which she empties right over you. In the country the object is the same, but the means sometimes differ. Sometime a maiden coming along, is seized and laid lengthwise in a stream. Another, who has "played" out her, stands knee deep in the same stream, with a calabash, and to her descends a man with a wooden bucket, and for half an hour they dash water at each other, retreating at intervals to recover breath. Here a gentleman has a handful of bitter herbs, which he rubs into the teeth and mouth of his lady-love, whilst that lady's friend dexterously inserts between his shirt and skin a handful of nettles. But she does not escape harmless, for, just as she has planted the nettles well home, her mouth is filled with blue mixed into a paste. They seem to enjoy it.

---

A TEXAS farmer, believing he would go mad from the bite of a dog, bought a twelve foot trace chain and strong lock and went into the woods. After writing a letter to his wife, in which he told her what he felt would happen, and giving directions as to certain things he wished her to do after his death, he ran the chain around a tree, drew it through the large ring at the end, and then wound the other end around his ankle so tight that it would not slip the foot, locked it securely, and threw the key far beyond his reach. Two days after his dead body was found chained to the tree, and there was evidence that he had died of hydrophobia.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

PRESERVED SNOW.—A reverend traveler says it is amusing to witness the eagerness of the Chinese, when once in many years, a slight snow falls in the winter, to gather it into bottles, in which they suppose its precious virtues will be preserved after it melts, and be an efficacious remedy for fever.

MINUTE WORKMANSHIP.—A French artificer, made a chain of two hundred links, with its padlock and key, all weighing together less than the third part of a grain. He was also the maker of a carriage, which opened and shut by springs. This minature equipage, with six horses harnessed to it, a coachman seated on the box with a dog between his legs, four inside and four outside passengers, a postilion riding one of the four horses, was drawn with all the ease and safety imaginable by a well-trained flea.

THE HOTTEST CLIMATE.—The hottest climate in the world probably occurs in the desert interior of Australia. A thermometer was hung on a tree, sheltered from the sun and wind. It was graduated to 127 degrees, yet so great was the heat of the air that the mercury rose till it burst the tube; and the temperature must have thus been at least 128 degrees, apparently the highest ever recorded in any part of the world. Nevertheless in the Southern mountains and table lands three feet of snow sometimes fall in a day. The heat sometimes it is said sets the forests on fire.

KAFFIR PUNISHMENTS.—Death is frequently inflicted among this South African nation, and in various ways, most of them diabolically cruel. We will merely mention one, as a specimen of the most ingenious and refined cruelty, and, as it appears to me, one of the most frightful tortures that can be inflicted. The culprit is rubbed all over with grease; he is then taken to an ant hill, against which he is placed and secured to the ground. The ant-hill is then broken, and the ants left to crawl over him and eat his flesh from his bones, which they do in time most effectually. Let us remind the reader the ants are three times the size of those he is accustomed to see in America, and their bite most irritating and painful.

FAT HATERS.—The Spartans of old showed no mercy to fat humanity. They took charge of the firmness and looseness of man's flesh, and regulated the degrees of fatness to which it was lawful in a free state to any citizen to extend his body. Those who dared to grow too soft or too fat for military exercise and the service of Sparta were soundly whipped. In one particular instance, the offender was brought before the Ephori judges, and his unlawful fatness was exposed, and he was threatened with perpetual banishment, if he did not bring his body within the regular Spartan compass, and give up his mode of living.

NEW CHAMBERMAIDS.—They have strange chambermaids in Cairo (says a lady traveler.) The one who waited on our room, and attended to all the various duties of the calling, even to the making of beds, was a Frenchman, dressed as if for a dinner party, in white vest and dress-coat, and having the air of a refined and educated gentleman. It was really embarrassing to accept his services in such a capacity. One of the ladies, on arriving at the hotel, rang for the chambermaid. This gentleman presented himself. Supposing him to be the proprietor or his chief clerk, she expressed her wish to see the chambermaid. He very politely replied, in the best English he could command, "Madame, I am she."

A HARD LANGUAGE.—The Japanese language is a complete hieroglyphic system; caligraphy a system of drawing and painting. Every schoolboy has to learn at least 1,000 different characters; in the elementary schools of the Government 8,000 have to be taught. A man with pretensions to scholarship must be acquainted with about 10,000, and a very learned man with that number multiplied many times. A Japanese must devote at least ten years' persistent and earnest study to the acquisition of his own language if he desires to possess a knowledge of it sufficient for the purpose of an educated man. The mechanical art of handling the brush so as to paint the characters with skill and rapidity occupies no small part of a learner's time.

HEROIC DENTISTRY.—The dentists of the Solomon Islands, in the Pacific, though somewhat heroic in their treatment, are said to be but little inferior to their European brethren. When a man has a tooth or two replaced, a couple of assistants hold him firmly, while the operator, propping the patient's mouth open with pieces of bamboo, proceeds down along the gum until he has cleared the surface of the jawbone. Into the cavity thus made along the gum he inserts a piece of tortoise-shell or mother-of-pearl of the requisite length, and then binds the gum up on each side of the new tooth with a kind of vegetable glue. After a few days' feeding on liquid diet, the wound generally heals; and it is a common sight to see old men with almost all their teeth replaced in this fashion.

### I AM NOT OLD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I am not old—though years have cast
Their shadows on my way;
I am not old—though youth hath passed
On rapid wings away;
For in my heart a fountain flows,
And round it pleasant thoughts repose;
And sympathies and feelings high,
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.

I am not old—time may have set
"His signet on my brow,"
And some faint furrows there have met,
Which care may deepen now;
Yet love, fond love a chaplet weaves
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts, sweet flowers, that once were mine.

# THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. F. SMITH.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

"I wrote to you," she said "and told you of all my movements since my marriage. Why this cruel silence? you are not offended with me?"

"Your letters never reached me. I have been travelling," replied Mr. Beacham, "and it was only by accident that I recognised you in the Bois de Boulogne."

Lucy repeated her hope that he was not offended with her, for the old feeling of timidity had returned.

"No," said her father, looking round the splendidly furnished appartments; "I am not angry with you."

There appeared far more dignity than affection in the tone in which the assurance was given. The perfect gentleman, as his meek-minded wife used to call him, never under any circumstances laid aside that.

The song was concluded, and Lord Rislip, hearing voices in the saloon, walked to the open doors. No sooner did he recognise his visitor, than a flush suffused his countenance, and he stood riveted to the spot. Mr. Beacham on his part appeared equally surprised.

"Who is that gentleman?" he asked.

"Lord Rislip."

"Wretched girl, you have married your sister's husband!"

It was but too true. His lordship's wife was the eldest daughter of the speaker.

It was some time before poor Lucy could realise the full extent of her misery. Slowly the conviction forced itself upon her brain that she was not legally a wife, that her child had no claim to the name of his father.

With a low wailing cry she sank upon the floor.

"You have murdered her, Mr. Beacham," said the peer, hastening to raise her.

"And you have disgraced her my lord," retorted the gentleman, assuming a look of virtuous indignation. "This, then, is the reason that since poor Margaret's death you have ceased to communicate with me. Your accession to a peerage raised you so far above her family. Pride!" he repeated; "pride! Would it had been sufficiently honest to have respected her sister."

"Can you be the dupe of a silly prejudice!"

"Call it what you will, it is law."

"An unjust one, a most unnatural one," replied the peer. "Who is more fit to be a mother to Margaret's orphan child?"

At the words, "you have married your sister's husband," Eleanor Charlton sprang to her feet. The hesitation, the long sojourn in the East—everything was explained. What had once been hate now changed to ambition. The dream of her life might yet be realized. Lord Rislip was legally free to offer her his hand and coronet.

It would not do to allow any inconsiderate promise of silence to be extorted from her. With a triumphant smile, she quitted the room without passing through the room occupied by the speakers.

"Look up, Lucy. Angel!" exclaimed the guilty man—guilty in the concealment, "call to your mind the natural strong sense Heaven has endowed you with. What are the prejudices of society or the world to us? I will renounce my country, become unnaturalised in Germany, where the legality of our marriage is indisputable."

The wife—for so we, and we doubt not many of our readers, will still consider her—shuddered. It was her delicacy, her confidence in the honor of the man she loved, that had received so severe a shock, rather than her religious prejudices, for, strange to say, she had never considered the question in that light, not dreaming it could ever apply to her.

The earl, recollecting where he had left their visitor, returned for an instant to the music-room.

Miss Charlton was gone.

"Excellent creature!" he murmured, assigning womanly delicacy as a motive for her sudden departure; "she wishes to ignore what she has heard."

Instead of ignoring the secret, before many hours had passed it had been told, in strictest confidence, as such things generally are imparted, to at least half-a-dozen of the principal English families residing in Paris.

Lucy was removed to her room in a state of mind easier to be imagined than described. So completely did she appear prostrated by the blow that two of the most eminent physicians in Paris were sent for, and before many hours had elapsed fever declared itself in its worst form—upon the brain.

To do him justice, Mr. Beacham repented bitterly of his precipitation. Surprise had wrung the secret from his lips. Had time for reflection been afforded him, he would have seen how far more conducive to his interests it might have been to have had an explanation with his son-in-law first.

"It is a sad affair," he observed, after the medical men had insisted upon himself and his lordship quitting the chamber of the patient; "but you have only yourself to blame."

"Time has not changed you," replied the peer. "Harsh and unnatural as ever."

"You know the fatal objection"

"Aye, aye; prate, prate, reason and discuss. Make no allowance for the impulse of affection, the impulse of strong passion. I did argue with myself, strive against my inclination, but love was too strong for me, as it has proved for others."

"A well regulated mind, my lord——" observed his father in law.

"You speak as if the heart and brain could be regulated like a machine; not allowing for human feeling or human weakness"

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Beacham, who had no wish to quarrel with his wealthy son-in-law, "I can allow largely for both The change in your name and title render the discovery of this sad secret most improbable. Who will suspect that the unknown artist who married the elder sister, and the Earl of Rislip who married the youngest are one and the same person?"

"It is known already," answered his lordship gloomily.

"Indeed!"

"There was a lady present, a visitor, in the adjoining saloon, who must have overheard all that passed between us."

Mr. Beacham looked as if he felt very sorry to hear it. Most probably he did, for it lessened his chance of deriving any advantage from the discovery.

"I know not how Lucy will decide, but doubt not your lordship will act most liberally towards her," he observed

"Liberally! I do not understand you."

"I mean in providing for her future welfare."

"The suggestion is rather premature," replied the peer bitterly.

"As her father——"

"Father!" interrupted the husband of Lucy. "I have no patience with the word; for years it has been no more. On the death of her mother you left her to the care of a distant relation—no thought, no anxiety on your part. You neither saw nor corresponded with her; fearful, no doubt, lest the means of selfish indulgence should be diminished by your being compelled to contribute to her necessities. Had she married an unknown, a poor man, I question whether you would have been so anxious to discover her."

"You wrong me."

"You forget I know you by experience. How did you treat your eldest child?"

"It would ill become our position to bandy words," said Mr. Beacham, trying to look dignified—a resource that never failed him "The law will do my poor girl justice."

"Law!"

"Deceived by a false marriage. You cannot brave the exposure."

"And do you think so meanly of me as to suspect that I am capable of using the advantage a most absurd and cruel act of legislature gives me," said the earl. "Never! In the sight of heaven Lucy is my wife, as such I respect and shall always treat her"

"Sentiments! sentiments!"

"My actions will prove them."

"I rejoice to hear it Still, a provision——"

"Of which you would wish to be trustee?"

"Who more fit?"

"Ah, I thought so," said the peer. "But know that most ample provision for the countess has been made Think you I waited for you to suggest my duty to me Those who are the guardians of it are persons on whom I can rely."

"I thank you for the compliment."

"Pshaw, man: it is useless to assume an air of injured virtue with me. Had you been in truth the honest upright character you assume, Lucy would not have been abandoned to the mercy of Miss Creech. I know that on her mother's death, she and her brother were entitled to——"

"Hush! hush! my lord," interrupted his father-in-law anxiously.

"The sum was beneath my notice."

"You dared not claim it."

"Dared not?"

"It would exposed your double marriage in my family," said Mr. Beacham. "If I withheld the knowledge from my children, it was to prevent the inheritance, falling in itself, from being despatched; to render it to them on my death intact.

His hearer smiled incredulously.

There is no doubt but when Lord Rislip declared his resolution of adhering to his marriage with Lucy, he was perfectly sincere. Naturally of upright nature, his first impulse when he found his affections engaged, had been to fly from Schwineberg and avoid her. Then came the danger and illness of his son. He yielded through weakness of character rather than premeditation.

Had he fairly explained their relative positions to the woman he sought to win, and had she frankly accepted it, the most scrupulous could scarcely have blamed him. It was the concealing of it that must lower him in the eyes of his wife and those of the world, if ever the secret became known.

"I think," he said after a pause, "I may rely upon the discretion of the lady who unfortunately was a witness to our interview."

"I trust so"

"And yours!"

"Am I not her father?" said Mr. Beacham.

"True."

It was a guarantee, but not a very safe one. Still, as the speaker could have no conceivable interest in making the affair public, the earl thought he could rely upon it.

With this understanding, they parted friends.

"I will see Eleanor in the morning," thought his lordship

A species of false shame prevented him from keeping his resolution; day by day was suffered to elapse, and the husband justified his negligence to himself by the precarious state of the unhappy victim of his want of candor, trustfulness, and honor.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THREE days after the terrible exposure whilst the life of his wife still hung trembling in the balance, Lord Rislip was no less grieved than surprised to read the following paragraph in *Galignani*:

"ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—It has lately been discovered that an English peeress, well known in the fashionable circles in Paris, whose beauty attracted universal admiration at the last Court ball, is the sister of his lordship's first wife, and the marriage consequently illegal.

"We sincerely trust that the misery this unexpected discovery has occasioned will induce the British legislature to repeal a most absurd law, and restore peace to many an aching heart."

"Infamous!" muttered his lordship, crushing the paper in his hand; "what malignant fiend could have penned the lines? The father? No, no; everything points that it is his interest to conceal it."

His suspicions glanced for an instant at Eleanor Charlton, but were quickly dismissed as ungenerous and groundless. Her professions of friendship for Lucy, the delicacy she had shown in withdrawing from the hotel the instant the discovery had been made, her daily visits to inquire after the sufferer, refuted the supposition

The servants; could they have babbled? The countess's maid and his valet were English, and must have overheard the ravings of their mistress.

"The curse of having hirelings about one," said his lordship.

Ordering his carriage, he drove at once to the office of the journal, and without waiting the return of the messenger by whom he had sent in his card, followed him into the private office.

To his surprise he found Miss Charlton was already with the editor.

The artful woman, without the slightest symptom of embarrassment, held out her hand to him

Lord Rislip touched it very slightly.

"You have read it then," she said; "the same motive has brought us both here. I have been pointing out to this gentleman how cruel an injury he has inflicted, and obtained from him a promise that the unfortunate paragraph shall be contradicted."

"And she is the friend whom I suspected," thought the husband of Lucy, struck with admiration at the apparent friendship of her conduct.

"Certainly," said the editor, "and I deeply regret that it has ever appeared; we very rarely give publicity to such *on dits*"

"It is the act of some private enemy"

"I do not think so, my lord," replied the gentleman. "It came to us through the ordinary channel by which we receive our fashionable intelligence."

"Fashionable!" repeated the lady indignantly.

"Fashionable!" said the husband bitterly. "Do not wonder at the word What matters it that the peace of families, the sanctity of domestic life, the confidences of the dying are violated, so that the morbid appetite for scandal, the depraved longing for high seasoned excitement can be fed."

"The reproof would apply more pertinently, perhaps," observed the editor slightly nettled, "to those whose headlong passions involve them in actions they wish to conceal."

The reply proved that the speaker had been well acquainted with more particulars of his lordship's conduct respecting the marriage than he chose to admit.

"But the mischief is done, my lord," he continued, "and I sincerely regret it on Lady Rislip's account. As this lady," pointing to Miss Charlton, "told you, I have promised everything in my power to counteract the effect of the statement."

"I demand to know your authority," said the peer haughtily

"We never give up our authorities."

"The name of the writer"

"We never give up names my lord."

"If money is your object——"

"The excitement and pain the circumstance has caused can alone excuse the supposition," observed the editor, gravely. "The lady made a similar offer; being a lady, of course it was rejected mildly; from a stranger to the family it would have been met with contempt: from your lordship with regret that you should have so far misunderstood our position and character."

The earl bit his lip.

The editor resumed his pen and quietly commenced writing, a polite way of intimating that the interview was terminated

"We can do nothing more," whispered Miss Charlton.

"Nothing," repeated the guilty husband—guilty in the deceit he had practised upon an innocent unsuspecting girl "I am very unfortunate,"

Of course he was. It is the general excuse by which selfish men palliate to themselves the consequences of their own acts. Unfortunate! A plaister for irritated conscience, a bolster for an uneasy head to repose upon. Lord Rislip forgot that the greatest poet and moralist of his age has pronounced:

It is in ourselves that we are thus and thus.

If those who are hesitating upon the verge of crime would only lay the reflection to heart how many bad deeds might be avoided.

Let it be clearly understood by our readers we are not pronouncing an opinion on the muchmooted question of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. It is not our province even to discuss it. The sin of Lucy's husband was in concealing the fact from her. He left her no choice, made himself the arbiter between her and her conscience.

It was all very well for him to plead that he was in love; the defence will not hold water True love is anything but a selfish passion; it seeks no happiness at the expense of truth and honor.

On the way to his hotel he informed Miss Charlton of his resolution to sell part of his estates in England and obtain naturalisation in Prussia or one of the smaller Protestant states of Germany. "My son," he added, "will succeed to the peerage; there can be no doubt respecting his rights."

"But suppose Ferdinand should die," observed the lady.

Her companion started.

"The title would become extinct."

"I presume so"

"It is a very ancient one."

"Coeval with the Conquest," added his lordship with a feeling of pride.

"Do nothing rashly," said Eleanor. "I cannot bear the thought of talents such as yours being lost to the country; you must not forget that England has a claim upon you."

"Which I deny, so long as she makes me the victim of an unjust law. In any other Protestant state in Europe," added the peer, "my marriage would be legal. Why, even in Catholic countries it has frequently been permitted"

"For money?"

"Not so," replied his lordship. Do you remember the evidence of one of the greatest luminaries of their Church? He most distinctly stated the prohibition was merely a matter of discipline in his Church, and not forbidden by Scripture. Piecemeal legislation, or legislation to meet a solitary case," continued the husband of Lucy, "is generally unjust as well as imperfect."

"Why not try to remedy the evil in your place in the House of Lords?" observed Miss Charlton.

Her companion laughed bitterly.

"What chance have I of being listened to," she replied, "with only my solitary vote and no political connexions? None. Were a dukedom at stake the effect might be different."

"A dukedom or an earldom, my lord, the fact is still the same."

"Urged like a woman," said Lord Rislip, "and a warm hearted generous woman, with her sex's instinctive sense of right and wrong; but I tell you, no. I am not the dictator to the peers."

It is not generally known that the primary cause and main object of Lord Lyndhurst's Marriage Act in 1835 was to legitimate the Duke of Beaufort, whose father had married two nieces of the Duke of Wellington.

It was certainly a most extraordinary piece of legislation. His grace holds his position by an unblemished title, has every privil-

age a peer of England can enjoy, and yet, by a latter decision of the Lords, Charles Armitage Brown, the issue of an exactly similar marriage, was declared illegitimate, and his inheritance forfeited to the Crown.

True, the unfortunate gentleman's mother had not the advantage of being the niece of the Great Duke, and that is the only explanation we can give our readers of the anomaly.

The duke has gone to his grave, the ex chancellor has followed him, and the motives and means by which the Act was passed will never perhaps, be exactly known. They were both great men, and even were it in our power we should hesitate to raise the pall which covers their actions beneath its sheltering folds, and that for one good and sufficient reason.

They can no longer explain nor defend themselves.

The law will, no doubt, one day be erased from the statue book. We are certain that tears enough have been shed to efface it.

In Lucy's case it was a long struggle between death and youth. The grim monarch in all probability would have been the victor had not the maternal feelings of the sufferer proved a powerful ally, seconding the efforts of Nature. After a long illness Lucy was pronounced out of danger by her physicians, but so changed that those who knew the blooming happy wife could scarcely have recognized her.

Her first interview with her husband was a most painful one—painful to both. The proud man felt the bitter humiliation of appearing as a culprit before the woman he had so cruelly wronged, and his victim could not conceal from herself that her affection for him had been greatly shaken.

We do not wonder at the change. Love, to be worthy of the name, must be founded in esteem and honor. The ideal once destroyed, it degenerates from worship to a mere habit.

It was a painful question for one so young and inexperienced to decide. The earl had procured from England all that had been written in favor of such marriages, and appealed to her reason to reject the thought that there would be any sinfulness in the act.

He had a stronger pleader than her reasonings. Their child.

"Heaven has not forbidden our union," he urged.

"It is condemned by the law," was the bitter reply.

'Of man; not of God."

"True—that is true," observed Lucy thoughtfully.

The decision was at last given. In a religious point of view, Lady Rislip, for so we shall continue to designate her, considered her marriage valid. She would not be the first to proclaim the contrary by separating from her husband, and by so doing affix the brand of illegitimacy on her son.

Some, perhaps, may blame her. Let it be recollected, however, that she had not accepted her position; it had been concealed from her. The weakness, if weakness there were, was in continuing it.

"You must take me from Paris," she said, in reply to her husband's expressions of gratitude and the praise he lavished upon her strength of mind. "I can no longer mingle in the world," she added; "henceforth my life must be devoted to retirement and my child."

"To your adoring husband, Lucy," he said.

"And my husband," she repeated with a sigh.

One strong argument which his lordship had used was a solemn promise to dispose of his unentailed estates in England and seek naturalization in Prussia, where their marriage would be perfectly legal. No sneer could affect her position there. Many of the noblest women in the country were in a similar position to herself, good and happy wives and mothers.

All perhaps might have been well had her husband fulfilled the pledge given in the moments of better feelings and repentance.

But we must not anticipate.

Orders were given for immediate departure from Paris. Until final arrangements could be made, Rislip Priory was to be their abode.

Mr. Beacham, whose paternal feelings had never been very strong, was more surprised than shocked, we fear, when he saw the ravages grief had wrought upon Lucy—her sunken cheeks and hollow eyes. During her long illness he had been carefully excluded from her chamber by direction of his lordship and the physicians, but before quitting Paris she insisted upon seeing him.

"My God, Lucy!" he exclaimed; "how you are changed!"

His daughter smiled sadly.

"I shall never forgive myself for the disclosure; surprise wrung the explanation from me."

"It must have been made sooner or later, father," replied her ladyship. "There are few actions in life but are one day brought to sight."

Mr. Beacham looked uneasy.

"The shock has all but killed me."

"And what have you decided?"

"To remain with my husband," replied Lucy firmly, "for he is my husband in the sight of Heaven. I am not learned, but on that point I feel safe, quite safe. He has promised to renounce his country and get naturalized in Germany, where our marriage cannot be disputed."

"Humph! a great sacrifice."

"Have I sacrificed nothing father?"

"I did not mean it in that light, my dear child," observed the perfect gentleman. "I allude to his lordship's rank, position, and political prospects."

"Are they to be compared with happiness; the consciousness of acting rightly!" demanded his daughter, greatly surprised.

"Well, yes; sometimes they are. Let your husband only carry out his intentions, and I shall consider that you have decided wisely."

"Do you doubt him?"

Mr. Beacham made no reply. He appeared to be reflecting.

"To leave him would be to acknowledge the justice of a most unjust law," added Lucy, "and to confess a shame which from my very soul I repudiate."

"And yet the law——"

"Law," repeated his daughter; "I do no understand you."

"Would have given you heavy compensation," said Mr. Beacham, lowering his voice. "You are not so friendless as you imagine; your father's heart is not only open to receive you, but he is ready to spend his last guinea in punishing the monstrous deceit put upon you."

"Compensation! Do you mean money!" she asked.

"Of course I do."

Lucy turned aside in disgust.

"Do you not understand me?"

"We shall never understand each other, father," replied his daughter mournfully. "Either I am his wife in the sight of Heaven, bound to him by ties no human laws can break, or the victim of a wrong the wealth of the world cannot atone for. Money!" she repeated scornfully; "I would rather toil for myself and child, beg our daily bread, starve, than live in luxury upon dishonor."

"You reason like a child."

"I reason as I feel, father. Never let the subject be revived again between us. I would not willingly cease to respect the author of my being."

Mr. Beacham mentally pronounced the speaker the most unreasonable unbusinesslike person he had ever met with. Since his last interview with Lord Rislip, the worldly minded man had fully considered the circumstances. That the law would have made an ample provision for Lucy and her child there could be no doubt, and who so likely to be appointed trustee and guardian as himself?

To be sure there was the awkward circumstance of the settlement of his wife's property, but it was a fact difficult to prove without the evidence of Dr Stop; and that very benevolent gentleman had received, and was still receiving, too many substantial advantages from his breach of trust to turn against him.

"I admire your sentiments, my dear Lucy," he said; "in fact, I feel proud of them—proud that I have such a daughter; but they are not those of a woman of the world. The world," he added sententiously, "is not what the good and inexperienced think it."

Lady Rislip sighed deeply.

"It is full of snares and pitfalls."

"I begin to suspect them, father."

"And the discovery does credit to your intelligence, my dear child," observed the gentleman. "We must not forget how frequently the promises to day become the jest of the morrow. There, I will urge my opinions no further, but if circumstances should induce you to change your mind, you will find me ready to assist you with my advice and means. You proceed to England, you say," he added.

"Yes."

"To London?"

"No; to Rislip Priory. I shall only remain long enough in London to see my brother Frank," replied his daughter. 'Poor Frank! so proud of his sister's position, but prouder still of her love. Little suspects the misery that has fallen upon her."

"Frank has left England."

"For France?"

"Heaven knows for where," replied her father. "I neither trouble myself about his proceedings nor wish to be informed of them. It was only by accident that I heard the intelligence. Frank has disappointed my hopes, made a fool of himself; thrown himself away, married a girl without a shilling. I neither wish to see nor hear anything of him again."

"Does that come from your heart, father?"

"Heart and soul," replied the perfect gentleman with dignity.

"Heaven will judge between you, father," said Lady Rislip solemnly, "when I am silent. It is not for the child to arraign the parent. Frank will be only the more dear to me since I know that he has lost his place in the affections of his father."

The speakers separated without much emotion on either side. The warm, generous, truthful nature of Lucy was chilled by the harshness of her parent and his worldliness, which accounted feeling as dross compared with wealth. He was a materialist in the worst sense of the word. Of earth most earthly, he valued only its advantages.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

# The New Manager.

BY HENRY SMITH.

HERMAN HARD had entered upon his duties as manager of the Bruges farm, which stretched its fertile fields for acres around.

For six months he had done the work required of him well and faithfully, and still no more was known of him than had been at first.

"I don't half like the manner of that new man of yours, Henry," said Miss Mehitable, Farmer Bruges's maiden cousin, who kept house for him. "I hate mystery, and his face is full of it."

Mr. Bruges looked up from his paper.

"Why, Mehitable, is it Herman you mean? He's the best man I ever had. I know that Hard has had some great trouble in his life, for I have noticed him keenly, and there is an expression of bitter repressed sorrow at times in his face."

As time passed Mr. Bruges became more and more attached to his young manager, and though the subject of Herman's former life was never broached, the relations between the two grew closer and closer.

At last, one evening came a foreign letter bearing a German postmark.

It contained the intelligence of the death of Mr. Bruges' only sister, and that she had left her young daughter to his charge.

It was a painful shock to the old gentleman, for he had seen her alive and in the full enjoyment of health upon the occasion of his last visit to Germany, only a couple of years before.

"And so little Greta is an orphan—poor lamb! Mehitable, of course you see that I must go at once and bring her to us."

'Greta!"

The name was ejaculated—not spoken—and the voice was Herman's.

For a long time every evening had seen the young man seated with his reading in his employer's library, so necessary had his society grown to the old farmer, who took all of a father's interest in him.

Farmer Bruges looked up from the open letter quickly.

"That's the name of the niece who is left to my care—poor little motherless girl. Did you ever know any one by that name?"

An expression of pain passed over Herman's features as he replied, evasively.

Then the conversation turned to the needful preparations for Mr. Bruges' departure, which must necessarily be soon.

"I will write and tell you when to meet us," Mr. Bruges said, as he wrung his favorite's hand at parting. "See well to everything; and don't let cousin Mehitable get lonely."

A month went by, and at the appointed time Herman awaited his employer's return.

The vessel had arrived that morning.

It was dark as the train steamed into the small station, and standing upon the dark platform Herman could see the passengers as they came from the lighted carriages.

Before long the familiar figure and venerable grey head of Farmer Bruges came in view; and then suddenly the young man's strong frame tottered, and his face blanched as he plainly saw the features of the slender, dark robed girl who accompanied him.

With an effort he controlled himself, and stepping back out of sight with hasty footsteps he passed round to the other side of the station, where the carriage in which they were to return was in waiting.

Giving some silver to the lad who was holding the horses, Herman said, rapidly:

"Here, Joe, take this; and when Mr. Bruges asks for me, tell him that it was impossible for me to wait any longer, and that you were to drive in my place."

Then he turned and went, with almost flying feet, out into the darkness.

Mr. Bruges was much surprised and annoyed at Herman's strange, seemingly indifferent conduct, and these feelings did not lessen when he found that Miss Mehitable could give no explanation.

Time went by.

It was not long before little Greta, Mr. Bruges' orphan niece, had by her gentle, companionable ways, entirely won both her uncle's and Miss Mehitable's tender heart.

She was a lovely, winsome girl, with fair, delicate features, and large, sad, appealing brown eyes.

Something was evidently troubling his niece, whom a few years ago he remembered as one of the merriest and gayest of maidens.

Since his return home nothing had been seen or heard of Herman. At first he had gone away into an adjacent town, firmly intending not to return; but the longing within had grown too strong for him to resist, and now, as the shades of a summer's night were falling, he was crouching beneath the library window, where sat his patron and his young niece.

Strange conduct, truly, it might be said, for one who had done no one at any time any wrong.

It was very still, and old Mr. Bruges had drawn his arm chair close by the open window, while Greta, with her golden head leaning against his knee, was seated on a low stool by his side.

And this is what the young man, hidden in the shelter of the deep foliage without, and listening with strained ears, heard:

"Now, my darling that we are alone, tell me, as you promised, what it is that is weighing on your mind. I do not like to see this sweet face, that I recollect once so happy, thus clouded over."

There was a long pause; and then, in her soft, low voice the girl said:

"Did you ever know, uncle, that a few years ago, just after you visited us the last time, your little Greta was to have been married?"

Without waiting for a reply she went on, slowly and dreamily, as if looking into the past:

"My betrothed husband was the noblest man that ever lived; and oh! I loved him. How much I cannot express, for he was one worthy of all love. The time went by until two weeks before our wedding day. I was all ready, and oh! so happy, when—when——"

Here her voice faltered, and in the dusk the old man heard a sob.

Still he did not interrupt, and in a little while Greta went on:

"His father, whom every one had always looked up to and respected (and none more than his son), was discovered to have committed forgeries to a vast amount, and to have been living for many years a life of hidden deceit and crime.

"He was arrested and convicted; and then, unable to bear the ruin he had brought upon himself, he took his own life, and my lover fled. My mother commanded me to see him no more. Oh, uncle, it was hard! He went—where I know not—and he took my heart with him, and I do not think I shall ever be happy in this world again."

As the pathetic voice ceased there was a stir in the foliage beneath the window, and with quick footsteps some one passed through the open hall door and into the dimly lighted room, where the uncle and niece were seated.

It was Herman. He spoke but one word:

'Greta!"

With a cry like that of a bird flying to its mate, Greta sprang within his outstretched arms.

For a moment all was still, and then Herman's rich tones broke the silence.

"My darling," he said, "until now I never knew that it was your mother's command, and not your own wish, that kept you from me in my time of bitter sorrow. I thought, like all the rest, you, too, had turned away from me!"

By this time old Mr. Bruges had comprehended the situation, and advancing to where the lovers stood still clasped in each other's embrace, he grasped Herman's hand, and in a voice which trembled with the mingled emotions which filled his breast, he exclaimed:

'God be thanked, who, in his goodness, has thus reunited two faithful hearts! Herman, I have always loved you as a son—and as a father let me now give you my blessing!"

Not a great while after, Bruges' farm was the scene of great rejoicings; and though years have passed since then, Herman Hard has never ceased to thank the kind Providence which, in his time of need and despondency, led him to the haven where he was to regain not only his broken faith and trust in human nature, but the bride whom he had never expected to see in this world again.

A CHARM OF COMFORT.—Many a discouraged mother folds her tired hands at night, and feels as if she had, after all, done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she rose. Is it nothing that your little helpless children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe," when he is away to his business, because your careful hand directs everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother, you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name. M. S.

Can I give my son a college education at home?" asks a fond parent. Well, you may be able to teach him as much of Greek an' Latin and mathematics as the college could, but you never can imbue him with the idea that everybody else is a blamed fool.

Sage tea, sweetened with honey, is good for a sore throat, used as a gargle.

### RETROSPECTION.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

Oh! if we all could but re-live
  Our childhood days again,
And have once more that faith in man—
  That trust of future gain,
How dear would be each simple joy,
  How slight would seem each pain.

But, ah! the years seem long and drear
  Since youth bade me adieu—
Which going left no recompense
  For dreams that proved untrue;
Ah, me! those childhood hopes contained
  Sweet joys I never knew.

Push back the cold gray clouds of time
  On childhood's coffined head—
Heap up the sod, and turn away
  With silent, tearful tread;
For trust, and peace, and innocence
  Lie buried with the dead.

# Lady Hutton's Ward.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

THREE years passed away, and brought but little change to Baynesham. The countess watched and waited in silence; she had renounced all active efforts for the discovery of her son's wife. She must be dead; and the countess wished that the worst could be known. Above all now when her son was about to return to England, having given up all hope.

There was but little said when he arrived, for both mother and cousin Barbara were startled at his appearance. He no longer looked ill, but there was an air of settled melancholy on his face that told of his sorrow more expressively than any words could have done. He wore deep mourning,—a fact which startled Lady Baynesham. Before separating on the evening of his arrival, she went up to him, and laying her hand gently upon him, asked him why it was.

"Hush, mother," he replied, in a broken voice,—"do not talk about it. I wear black for my wife; if she had been living, I should have found her ere this. I believe her to be dead; but do not speak of her,—I cannot bear it yet."

Before he had been at Baynesham long, the countess, believing the effort too great for him, proposed that they should leave home for a time and go to London. He consented, for all places were alike to the unhappy young husband, whose love and thoughts were ever with his lost wife.

* * * * * *

The change to London was a pleasant one; every part of the castle at Baynesham was full of associations and memories; here in London it was different. It was pleasant to see Bertie every day; his society was bracing. Active, energetic, persevering Bertie did more towards the young earl's recovery than any one else.

One morning—it was the end of May, a morning when even to live and to breathe is a luxury,—Lord Baynesham went out early. He strolled on towards the Kensington Gardens, and, attracted by the beauty and fragrance of the Spring blossoms, he entered the gardens and walked leisurely up and down the paths. There was no fashionable crowd, it was too early for that, but there were many pretty happy children with their attendants and nurses.

Lord Baynesham sat down upon one of the garden benches; there was a sad, wistful smile upon his face as he gazed upon the children. There was a sharp pain in his heart. Why, it was just such a morning as this when he had met his loved lost wife in Brynmar woods.

Just then Lord Baynesham's attention was drawn to a most beautiful boy. He was seemingly three or four years old, with the charming face that the old masters used to give to angels—sweet red smiling lips, eyes of the darkest, deepest blue. The little head was covered with curls—beautiful golden tendrils—gleaming in the sunshine. He was a noble, princely boy, but Lord Baynesham could not see the gentleman's face; it was hidden from him by the thick foliage of the trees.

The little boy's amusement consisted in gathering the blades of grass, and running with them to his guardian. He evidently considered this a great feat, and indulged in cries of delight. A bright yellow flower grew in the green grass close to where Lord Baynesham was sitting. The child saw it, and ran eagerly to gather it, and the smile that broke over his charming face was so irresistible that Lord Baynesham stooped and raised him in his arms.

"You must not run away with me," said the child, in his pretty little way. "I am mamma's own boy."

"I will not," said the earl, gravely; "sit here on my knees, and I will show you my watch."

The child was delighted with the glittering watch and chain.

"Will you give me it to see for my own?" he asked.

"We will see about that," said Lord Baynesham; "tell me what your name is."

"Lionel," replied the little one.

"Lionel—and what else?" asked the earl.

"Mamma's Lionel," said the little boy, raising his beautiful eyes to the sad face above him.

Lord Baynesham was strangely moved by look; surely in some dream he had seen eyes like those. Then he bent down and kissed the little face, smoothing the bright golden curls as he did so.

"I wish I had a little boy like you," he said to the child; "I have no little son."

"And I have no papa," replied the child, quickly.

"Lionel," cried a voice familiar to Lord Baynesham' "where are you?"

"Your little boy is quite safe," said the earl, courteously.

"I fear he is teasing you. Why, Lord Baynesham!—is it possible?"

"Captain Massey!" cried the earl, rising in glad surprise. "I thought you were in India."

"I reached home last week," said Captain Massey.

"How long have you been away?" inquired Lord Baynesham.

"Three years," was the short reply.

And then Hugh the captain, showed a strange coldness they spoke of all that had taken place in the meantime.

Claud told of his wife's departure and that he knew nothing of them of the true reason.

"You knew nothing of it!" said the captain, surprised; "then why did you send her away?"

"I did not," replied the earl; 'her flight was a mystery to me, until I stood by her father's death-bed. I understood it then."

Captain Massey looked, as he thought, bewildered.

"I do not know what you have heard," continued Lord Baynesham; "but you are my friend. Years ago, Massey, you loved my wife. I pardon your words: will you listen to me while I tell you—what few know—the story of my darlings loss?"

With the little golden head pillowed on his heart Lord Baynesham told him his story.

"I have spent a fortune," he said, "in advertisements. I believe all England has been searched, but in vain. Whether she be living or dead, I know not. I know one thing,—living or dead, I shall be true to her; no one shall ever take her place. I would freely, joyfully give all I have in the world to see her once again. It was all a mistake, Massey; a terrible mistake. I was jealous and impatient, and most bitterly have I suffered for it. Do you not see I am old before my time—worn out with sorrow and suspense? God keep all from suffering as I have done."

"It is a strange story," said the captain, musingly.

"No more strange than true," said Lord Baynesham. "Ah, Massey, I must not reproach you. What have you ever seen in me that could lead you to believe me capable of sending my wife from me, because her father was not all he could have been? I should but have loved her all the more for it. I knew nothing of, and cared nothing for her family, when I married her. How could you think think that, in the hour of her trouble. I should drive her from me?—I, who have never ceased praying, with weeping eyes, that I might see her again."

The two friends sat and talked, unconscious of the swift passing of time. Lord Baynesham thought his friend strangely reserved, even after his explanation. True, Captain Massey grasped his hand, and begged his pardon for the suspicions so unjust and unfounded; but, after that, he was very quiet. He did not seem to enter into or sympathize with any of the earl's plans for the finding of his lost wife. He listened with a far off look on his face; and Lord Baynesham, whose heart was in his words, felt pained by his utter want of interest.

"We must go," said the captain at length, taking out his watch. "Come Lionel,—mamma will be frightened; we have been out three hours."

"You have not told me my little friend's name," said Lord Baynesham, as he unwillingly untwined the little arms from his neck; "I shall be pleased to see him again."

"He is called Lionel," said the captain, carelessly. "His mother is a friend of my mother's. Come and dine with us tomorrow, Lord Baynesham; we are still living in the old house at Kew. My mother will be pleased to see you—you were always a great favorite of hers."

"No, I think not," replied Lord Baynesham; "I have no heart or spirits for visiting. Come and see me,—that will be better. Lady Baynesham and Miss Earle will be delighted to welcome you home again."

"I shall hold little Lionel here as an inducement," said Captain Massey. "Come and dine with us to morrow; then you shall be introduced to him in proper form, and perhaps be allowed the privilege of having him on a visit—a great favor, I assure you. What do you say Lionel?—do you wish this gentleman to come and see us?"

"Oh yes!" cried the child, clinging to Lord Baynesham's hand "do come."

The pretty, childish voice prevailed, and the earl said, with a smile, "I will. At what hour do you dine?"

"At seven," replied Captain Massey. "Call for me at my chambers," he continued, giving Lord Baynesham a card, "and we will drive down together."

"At your chambers!" said Lord Baynesham. "Why, are you not living at home?"

"No," said the captain, and again a dull flush burned his face. "My mother has visitors in the house, and I have business in London. Call for me about five."

They then parted, and Lord Baynesham returned home.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

LORD BAYNESHAM told the countess and Barbara Earle of his meeting with Captain Massey, and of the beautiful little child who was with him; the finest, sweetest child he had ever seen. Lady Baynesham thought him in better spirits. He smiled as he described the boy clinging to him, and his face had not looked so bright for years. Lady Baynesham's eyes filled with tears as she listened to him.

On the following morning the reserved, melancholy Lord Baynesham spent more than an hour in one of the finest toy shops in London, and selected a parcel of toys that would gladden the heart of any child. He was punctual to his appointment, and found Captain Massey ready for him.

It was a glorious drive; the sweet May evening was full of beauty; earth and sky seemed to smile. The hawthorn and chestnut were in bloom, the fragrance of Spring blossoms filled the air. They said but little. Captain Massey seemed lost in thought, and Lord Baynesham was dreaming of the May morning years ago when he had first met the fair young girl who seemed lost to him for ever.

Mrs Massey was a stately gentlewoman, one of the old school, kind and charitable, yet dignified and reserved, and a firm believer in etiquette. If she had a fault, her son declared it was in being too frigidly correct and proper. She was dressed as Lord Baynesham remembered always to have seen her, in the stiff of brocades and the most costly of lace caps. She made many inquiries about Lady Baynesham and Miss Earle, yet her visitor thought there was something unusual in her manner. She talked more than he had ever heard her, and seemed afraid of a moment's silence. It was a relief when the child came in and ran straight up to Lord Baynesham.

Ah, what was it? Why did his eyes fill with tears as the tender arms clung to him? Why did the sweet childish voice seem to reach the depths of his heart, and stir fountains that had long been sealed and dry?

"My son tells me you have taken a wonderful fancy to this little boy," said Mrs. Massey. "He is a noble little fellow, and we are very fond of him."

"I have never loved a child before," said Lord Baynesham, an his lips trembled as he spoke; "and, in my solitary life, I do not think I shall ever care so much for one again."

"Would you like to live with this gentleman, Lionel?" asked Mrs. Massey.

"Yes," said the child; "but I cannot, because I cannot leave mamma."

"I am to be introduced in proper form today," said Lord Baynesham; "what is my little friend's name? I shall ask permission to take him down to Baynesham with me."

Captain Massey smiled a strange smile that the earl could not understand.

"Would you like to see Lionel's mamma, and ask her permission?" said Mrs. Massey.

"Yes," replied Lord Baynesham, "if it would not be an intrusion."

"I can answer that it would not," said the lady.

Her face was strangely pale, and Lord Baynesham wondered at the emotion he read there.

"She is in the boudoir here," said Mrs. Massey; "go and make your request, my lord."

"Will you not accompany me?—the lady is a stranger; I shall need an introduction," said Lord Baynesham.

"Go alone," said Captain Massey; and even as he spoke Lord Baynesham noted the change in his voice—the nervous, agitated expression of his face. "Go alone," continued the captain; "Lionel will introduce you."

A strange tremor seized Lord Baynesham; a strange vague hope came to him, as he looked in those pale, agitated faces. He tried to speak and ask another question, but his lips seemed numbed and dumb.

"Lionel," said Captain Massey, "go with that gentleman, and take him to your mamma."

The child gently laid his little hand on Lord Baynesham's and led him through the long drawing room. A door at the other end of the apartment led to the boudoir. He turned the handle, and opened it, slowly moving, as one whose senses are wrapped in a dream. He saw a small, pretty room, where fragrant flowers were blooming and golden sunbeams came in through clouds of white lace. He saw—was this a dream?—a golden head raised as he entered, a beautiful face, sweet and pure and tender; he saw violet eyes full of tears, quivering lips that tried in vain to utter his name; he saw two little white hands clasped as he had seen them clasped years ago, and a thick mist swam before him, a noise as of rushing waters filled his ears. A little voice aroused him; the child ran from him to the lady.

"This is mamma," he said, proudly turning to Lord Baynesham.

It was no dream—it was his own wife clinging to him, her tender arms clasped round him, her beautiful face wet with tears so near his own, the golden head drooping on his breast. It was no fancy, no dream, but a real, glorious truth. Once before he had wept like a child—it was when he lost her. Again the strength of his manhood seemed to desert him, and warm tears fell upon the golden hair.

"Claud," whispered a gentle voice, "can you ever forgive me—forgive me for doubting you, and leaving you? I can never pardon myself."

"The fault was my own," he replied; "I was jealous and impatient."

"Nobody speaks to me," said a pitiful voice; and a little face looked up in wonder; then Lord Baynesham remembered the boy—he had called Hilda mamma. He looked once into her face.

"Who is it?" he whispered; "this little one who calls you mother?"

For all answer, she placed the child in his arms.

"It is your son," she said—"your son and mine."

"Do not scold me," she said, when that trance of happiness was broken, "do not scold me, Claud. When I left you, I did not know that Heaven would give me this priceless gift. My baby was born here, six months after I left your house. I meant to send him to you when he was old enough to leave me."

"Hush!" said Lord Baynesham; "do not say such words as those, Hilda, darling. This is a golden hour—we will not spoil it."

Then Lady Hilda, taking the little one, said:

"Lionel, you must love this gentleman. You remember all I have told you of your own papa, whom you had never seen—how kind, and brave, and good he was. This is papa, and you must love him."

"I do love him," said the child, quietly. "I loved him yesterday, without knowing why."

"I have been too bewildered to ask how you came here," said Lord Baynesham to his wife.

"Let others tell that story for me," she said, quietly; "first let me explain why I left you, Claud. It was all a terrible mistake; we can speak freely now—my oath binds me no longer, for Captain Massey told me yesterday my father is dead. If there is any excuse for me, it lies in the fact that I was half mad. Three days after I left home I was taken ill with a severe attack of brain fever, and the snow lay on the ground before I was myself again.'

"And you have seen nothing of all my advertisements?" said Lord Baynesham.

"No," she replied; "when I left you I left all the world; when shelter was offered to me here, I accepted it on the condition that no one should see or hear of me, and that the news of the outer world should not be told to me. I thought I should soon die. It seemed to me then that I had no right to Lady Hutton's money—no claim upon her fortune. I wanted to be dead to everything, since I could no longer live to you."

'Poor child!' said her husband gently; "but why, at least, did you not tell me of Lionel's birth?"

"I meant to send him to you," she replied. "I did not forget that, although my son, he is your heir. I would have sent him in two more years. Remember, it has all been a mistake, Claud. I thought you would never allow me to return to Baynesham when you knew my secret."

A knock at the door interrupted Lady Hilda.

"Come in," she said, and Mrs Massey entered, her face glowing with smiles.

"Did you know the lady?" she asked Lord Baynesham, who met her with a torrent of thanks. "My son is anxious to know if he may enter."

'Since we owe our happiness in a great measure to him," replied Lord Baynesham, "his request is very reasonable. Ah, Massey!" he cried, as the master of the house entered, "how am I to thank you for your great kindness! Now explain to me why and how I find my lost treasure here."

'It is a long story," said Massey, "but you shall hear every detail.

"It is rather more than three years since I received orders to go to India on an especial and confidential mission. The day before starting I went to Easton Square to inquire about some luggage sent for me. There was great confusion at the station owing to the arrival of several trains. I was standing on the platform watching the scene with some amusement, when my attention was attracted by a lady leaving a first class carriage. She wore a cloak and a thick veil;

she seemed uncertain where to go—lost and bewildered. I saw her go to one of the seats and place herself there. For one whole hour she rested there, and I watched her. She did not appear to be waiting for any one, and no one took any heed of her. Then she rose, and stood for a few minutes as though uncertain what to do. 'She seems bewildered with trouble,' I said to myself; 'I wonder if I could help her?'

"I went very respectfully up to her, and raising my hat, asked her if I could be of any service to her. She did not seem to understand me. When I repeated the question she threw back her veil, and looked at me with wild, wistful eyes.

"Imagine my horror at recognising in this grieving, bewildered lady, no other than the young Countess of Bayncham, Lady Hutton's ward.

"'Lady Bayncham,' I said, 'do you not know me? I am Captain Massey, your husband's friend.'

"'Yes, I know you,' she replied; then she laid her hand on my arm. 'Will you help me, Captain Massey,' she said, humbly; 'I have left home and my husband for ever. I feel very ill; my brain is on fire, I believe. Can you take me somewhere, where I can lie down in die?'

"I partly gathered her story from what she told me, and brought her here.

"For many long weeks she lay unconscious of all around her. Then I heard that under the shelter of our roof the heir of Bayncham was born. I returned a few days since, and found him a beautiful, noble little fellow. I would not remain in my mother's house, Bayncham; it has been sacred to your wife. I shall always believe Providence led me to the garden yesterday. But for that, the mistake would never have been explained. When I reached home and told your wife your story, I knew how much she loved you."

"God bless you, Massey!" exclaimed Lord Bayncham; "you are the truest friend man ever had. Thank you; and you, madam," he continued, turning to Mrs. Massey; "thank you for your care and love of my dear wife."

"She has been like a beloved daughter to me," said the old lady; "having lived with her, I am at a loss how to live without her. I often fancied that the advertisements I read so constantly applied to her, but I dared not mention them."

Now came the question of the return. The farewell was not taken without many tears. In the midst of her happiness, Lady Hilda sorrowed at leaving the friends who had been so kind to her. Every one in the house was grieved at losing the beautiful, gentle lady and her child; but Lionel was too happy with his new papa to care for anything else.

Lord Bayncham and his fair young wife, with the little child, drove home in the calm of the sweet Spring evening. Never to them had the stars shone so brightly; never had the soft breeze told a sweeter story; never was Spring evening so holy, so happy as this.

"You are at home," said Lord Bayncham, as the carriage stopped at the door—"at home once more; and, dear Hilda, it shall not be my fault if, for the future, home is not heaven for you."

---

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(AND LAST.)

LADY BAYNCHAM and Miss Earle sat alone in the drawing room in Grosvenor Square. The clock had already chimed ten, and Lord Bayncham had said he should not be late.

"If you are tired, aunt," said Miss Earle, "I will wait for Claud—he will not be long."

"I prefer waiting," said Lady Bayncham. "My boy's face was brighter when he left home than I have seen it for many years. I am waiting, hoping to see that bright look again."

It was not long before the roll of the carriage was heard, and the loud knock that resounded through the house assured the countess of her son's return. She rose from her seat to greet him. His face, as he entered the room, struck her with amazement.

"What is it, Claud?" she asked. "Why do you look so? Have you good news?"

"I have brought friends home with me, mother," he said, "and I want you to welcome them."

"That I will," said Lady Bayncham; "who are they?"

"A lady and a little boy," he replied, and his mother noticed how his voice faltered over the words.

"A lady and a little boy!" she echoed in amazement. "Who are they?"

A beautiful child now came into the room.

"See," said Lord Bayncham, "this is my youngest guest."

"What a lovely boy!" cried the countess, raising him in her arms. "He is like one of Murillo's angels."

"Kiss him, mother," said Lord Bayncham; "kiss him, and welcome him home."

Lady Bayncham's face wore a startled look.

"Home!" she repeated; "what do you mean, Claud? Have you adopted him? Who is he?"

"Draw near to me, mother; and you, Barbara, faithful friend, listen while I tell you who he is. The boy with a cherub's face is my son, Lionel Earle Bayncham, Viscount Hulsmere, and his mother is waiting for your welcome. Shall I bid her enter?"

Lady Bayncham could give no answer in words, but the caresses she lavished upon the child were answer enough. At last the wish of her heart was fulfilled; she held her son's child, the heir of Bayncham, in her arms. The grand old race was not doomed to extinction after all. She found words, however, when a beautiful woman with golden hair and shy blushing face entered the room, and going up to her, said:

'Can you pardon me, mother, for all the trouble I have caused you?'

For the first time in her life, Lady Bayncham clasped her son's wife in her arms.

"It is I who should ask pardon from you," she said. "You shall be to me, for the future, as my dearest and best loved daughter. Never let another secret stand between us."

"Am I quite forgotten?" said Barbara Earle, as she clasped Hilda's hands warmly in her own.

"But," said Lady Bayncham, "I do not quite understand; is this lovely boy your son, Hilda?"

"He is mine," replied the proud, fair mother.

Lionel had made himself quite at home with Barbara, and Lady Hilda knelt down to kiss him as he sat upon her knee. Lord Bayncham thought he had never gazed upon such a group.

Then came eager and hurried explanations. Lord Bayncham told eloquently the story of Captain Massey's generous and noble conduct, and Barbara Earle's eyes grew dim with tears. This man, who in the darkest hour of Lady Hilda's life had come to her rescue, was the one who had hopelessly loved her long years ago.

Long after midnight they sat, unwilling to end that happy meeting, and the golden-haired child slept in his father's arms, for Lord Bayncham could not endure to part with him.

* * * * *

Three days afterwards the May sun shone upon a beautiful scene enacted at Bayncham. The lord of the castle, with his wife and son, were returning home, it was said, from a foreign tour. Triumphal arches were everywhere erected. "Welcome to Bayncham!" "Welcome Home!" met the eye at every turn: flags and banners waved among the trees; and through the sweet, fragrant air, came the distant chiming of bells. The sky was blue, the flowers were all blooming, birds singing, the sun shining—there was no fairer scene on earth than that. Crowds of expectant tenants and servants assembled, and when the carriages came into sight a cheer arose from all, that made the very welkin ring.

"There is my lord—that is my lady—and see the little viscount!" was heard on all sides.

Lord Bayncham's face wore a reverent, almost awe-struck expression.

"How shall we best deserve all this happiness, Hilda?" he said. "I feel unworthy of it. Heaven help me to do my best!"

In the second carriage Lady Bayncham sat with Barbara Earle and Bertie Carlyon. There were cheers for her, for Barbara was loved by those who served her.

It was a pleasant sight, when the carriages drove away, to see the young earl and his beautiful wife standing under the broad Gothic porch of their old home. People afterwards said that Lady Hilda's face was bright as a sunbeam. Lord Bayncham stood, holding her hand in his, while he, in a few graceful words, thanked the crowd around him for their hearty welcome. There was a cheer for the gallant earl, and one for his fair wife. Then Lord Bayncham, raising the child in his arms, called for another cheer for his son, the heir of Bayncham.

* * * * *

Not one word could Bertie Carlyon contrive to speak that evening to Miss Earle. The castle was full of guests—there was no chance; but when the brilliant evening ended, he contrived to whisper, as he bade her 'Good night, "Barbara, has my penance ended?"

Miss Earle smiled, but made no reply. She was, however, down early the next morning, and for all ornament wore a string of costly pearls, to which was fastened a small golden apple. Bertie's face was a study when he saw it, and then Lord Bayncham interfered.

"The marriage," said he, "shall be delayed no longer."

Before the June roses had ceased to bloom, Barbara Earle became Bertie Carlyon's wife.

Bertie Carlyon's name was known all over England. He became one of the leading statesman of the day; and when men congratulated him on his success, he would turn with grateful eyes to the noble woman by his side, and thank her for it.

Lady Bayncham recovered her health and spirits, and her own mother could not have been more tender to Hilda than was the proud countess.

The last news discussed at Bayncham was the marriage of Captain Massey. He met Miss Deverney, and, to his mother's intense delight, at once fell in love with her. They are very happy, and never omit once every year to pay a visit to Bayncham.

* * * * *

One beautiful morning in June, Lord Bayncham asked his wife to accompany him on a little stroll. Lionel ran before them, and a sweet fair faced girl, whom her mother called Magdalen, walked by her side.

"Where are we going?" asked Lady Hilda.

"Patience," replied her husband; "you will soon see."

They went through the park, where the wind whispered among the tall trees, and birds sang sweetly in their shady depths, and into the high road, past the Fir Cottage, and into the little churchyard where Lady Hilda had once stood with despair in her heart. Lord Bayncham took his wife's hand, and led her to what was once a nameless grave. There stood a costly monument of white marble, with this inscription:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF MAGDALEN HURST,
Through many tribulations she has gone to her rest.

"Hilda," said Lord Bayncham, "my mother erected this. I brought you here by her wish. Tell me now, have you one cloud in your sky?"

"Not one," she replied, raising her beautiful face to the clear morning sky. "Heaven is good to me. I will try to deserve it."

The sun that shone upon the quiet grave and the waving trees, upon the true noble husband and the fair blooming children, was not more bright than the future that lay before Lady Hutton's Ward.

---

BORROWING.—It is a good plan to never borrow unless actually obliged to do so—then borrow gracefully, thankfully, and return the article borrowed, or replace it with one equally as good. One can never tell by the birth, education, or appearance of a person whether or not it is safe to loan him an article. Many have peculiar ideas of their own rights, and seem to imagine that it is their lot to pick and choose from whatever happens to fall in their way without giving in return even a civil "thank you." Some people lend borrowed books as freely as if they were their own, and if they are lost, soiled, or torn, never think of replacing them. Others borrow articles of apparel, and return an apology, perhaps, if they are injured, but more frequently do not return even that. Now, I should not consider such behavior that of either a lady or gentleman, yet there are many who consider themselves entitled to the one name or the other, who have borrowed, and never returned, many articles of value. I have myself frequently been the victim of borrowers, and they have lost or injured several articles of great value to me—gifts that it seems I alone appreciated—while to the selfish, thoughtless borrower they probably seemed of too little worth to notice. I once met a lady—daughter of a prominent lawyer—and she spoke as feelingly of the thoughtless borrower as any one I ever happened to meet. She had, once upon a time, an elegant party dress, the gift of a beloved and indulgent parent. A very dear friend of hers needed the loan of it to wear upon some grand occasion, when she had neither time nor opportunity to have a suitable dress of her own made. When the dress was returned, one of the breadths was entirely ruined. The young lady apologized, and offered to get a new breadth, but being politely treated in regard to the matter, she never did, though amply able to do so. Said my narrator, "From that time forth my friend fell in my estimation. She well knew that some one must buy and pay for goods enough to replace the portion ruined. Why did not she first purchase it, and then apologize? Had she been poor, or the cloth difficult to match, or had her time been otherwise usefully employed, I could have overlooked the matter, but as it was I never really did." I have loaned not only time and books, but many other things, and when I have asked a return of even a few moments of the time, I have, on many occasions, been unable to obtain it, to say nothing of the books and other things. I have begun to think that it is seldom well to lend anything we really value—indeed, it is hardly safe in these times to lend an opinion.

SYLVIA A. MOSS.

---

He knew if he was editing a newspaper he would give the public the "ins and outs" of the goings on of public men. He would open the eyes of the people till they cried long and loud for "reform." He tried it three days. Result—Five libel suits, two arrests for defamation of character, seven times called a liar by a contemporary, challenged to a duel once, horsewhipped three times a daily reception of soreheads, with murder in their hearts, fire in their eyes and mouths reeking with profanity. And the last we saw of that man he was trying to trade a puff in the paper for a bit of rope long enough to reach from the clothes hook round his neck.

---

An Indian woman in a village of British Columbia was taken with an infectious fever. The medicine men held a consultation over the case and decided that she must be buried alive to prevent an epidemic. The newspapers say that the decree was carried out literally.

# Scientific and Useful.

MIXTURE TO DESTROY FLIES.—Infusion of quassia, one pint; brown sugar, four ounces; ground pepper, two ounces. To be well mixed together, and put in small, shallow dishes when required.

PASTE TO DESTROY BUGS.—Two ounces of red arsenic, a quarter of a pound of white soap, half an ounce of camphor dissolved in a teaspoonful of spirits rectified, made into a paste of the consistency of cream; place this mixture in the openings and cracks of the bedstead.

FLANNELS.—Wash flannels in lukewarm water and rinse in water of the same temperature. Avoid rubbing soap upon the flannels. Stretch them thoroughly clean, snap them energetically and hang them up immediately—by the fire if the weather is bad. Two waters are enough for flannels.

NEW SAFETY LAMP.—A scientist lately exhibited and explained before the Mining Institute of Scotland recently, his new safety lamp, which is constructed to emit a loud sound when an explosive mixture of gas and air enters it, and thus consequently readily indicates fire-damp in collieries.

GUN COTTON THREAD.—At the royal palace in Berlin forty thousand wax candles are instantaneously lighted by a single match. The wicks are previously connected by a thread spun from gun cotton, on lighting one end of which all the candles are lighted simultaneously, and thus the whole of the seven hundred aparments are lighted at once.

AIR TIGHT STOPPERS.—Gutta percha cuttings are very useful for the laboratory. By dissolving them in benzole and adding a little carmine or any other pigment a solution is obtained which, when brushed on the cork and neck of a bottle, forms a tight-fitting cap, impenetrable to air, dampness, alcohol and acids, and can be taken off without much trouble.

SPONGE CULTIVATION.—The sponge divers along the Florida coast have begun to adopt an innovation that may much change their business. It is found that this can be done by cutting them into small pieces, attaching them to pieces of rock, and sinking them to proper depths in suitable locations. In three years each piece will attain a marketable size.

MOTHS AND FURS.—A lady writes: I have for many years tried camphor as a preventive against moths, and it has never failed either in furs, woolens, or feathers; if the camphor gum is rolled in soft white paper there will be no discoloration from it, neither does it appear to fade the fur, as some seem to think. I put a good-sized piece in the package and put the articles in newspapers.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.—It is asserted that within eighteen months two and a half miles of the proposed channel between England and France will have been excavated, and that the work will be completed in about four years. Still another grand scheme, however, for crossing the channel is contemplated, namely, a line of steel tubes, sixteen feet in diameter, ballasted so as to make it weigh one and a quarter tons to the foot less than the water displaced, and held at a depth of thirty-five feet below the surface so as not to impede navigation, by chains attached to caissons sunk to the bottom.

# Farm and Garden.

VERMIN ON CATTLE.—A simple and effective remedy for lice on cattle is to give them a thorough dusting over with wood-ashes every other day, brushing them clean the following day.

THE TOMATO.—A South American fruit-grower has discovered, it is said, that a mulch of tomato vines around peach trees will prevent the attacks of the curculio and other noxious insects—an important discovery if true. It would be easy to test it and for plum as well as peach-trees.

FENCING.—A great waste in farming is waste in fencing. We have too small fields which it is impossible to cultivate as they ought to be. Horse machinery cannot be used to advantage in them. There are too many fence-corners in which brush and weeds are allowed to grow, as they cannot be got at to advantage unless the fences are moved. Many good acres are taken up with fences, and it with great labor that they are kept up. It is much easier to remove the inside fences than to keep the farm divided into small fields.

BARN BASEMENT.—A correspondent says that in 1858 he built a barn with a basement seventy-two feet long and forty feet wide, with four stables, three for cattle and one for horses. The bottom was clay, which he shaped just as it was to be when finished, a little sunken behind the cattle, the drain descending towards the door. He dug three or four inches deeper, according to size of stones to be used, then drew in sand enough to bed the stones, and paved the floor with small cobble stones. It has been in use twenty-two years, and is all sound yet.

HOW TO PLANT ROOTS AND BULBS.—Bulbs of hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, lilies, etc., which naturally grow at some distance from the surface of the soil, should be planted in pots, and kept in some cool dark place until the roots are developed, the darkness having the effect of keeping back the tops until the roots have made a good growth. Oxalis, begonias, gloxinias, and other bulbs or bulbous rooted plants, while at rest, must be kept in a dry warm place, in the soil they grow in and not watered until growth commences; when they should be potted in fresh soil, and as soon as vigorous growth begins, again water, as directed above.

HAY FOR HOGS.—Very few, says an agricultural authority, are aware that hay is very beneficial to hogs; but it is true, nevertheless. Hogs need rough food as horses, cattle, or the human race. To prepare it you should have a cutting box (or hay cutter), and the greener the hay the better. Cut the hay short and mix with bran, shorts, or middlings, and feed as other food. Hogs soon learn to like it, and if soaked in swill or other slop food is highly relished by them. In winter use for hogs the same hay you feed to your horses, and you will find that, while it gives bran, shorts, or other food, it puts on flesh as rapidly as anything else that can be given them.

---

Card collectors please buy seven bars Dobbins' Electric Soap of any grocer and write Cragin & Co., Philad'a, Pa., for seven cards gratis, six colors and gold, Shakspeare's "Seven Ages of Man." Ordinary price, 25 cts.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SIXTIETH YEAR.

**TERMS:**

**$2.00 Per Year, in Advance** which includes the payment of the Postage by us.

CLUBS.

| | |
|---|---|
| One copy one year | $2 00 |
| Two copies one year | 3 50 |
| Three copies one year | 5 00 |
| Four copies one year | 6 00 |
| Five copies one year | 8 00 |
| Ten copies one year | 15 00 |
| Twenty copies one year | 30 00 |

☞ An extra copy free to a person getting up a club of five or more. Additions may be made to clubs at any time during the year at the same rate.

New Subscriptions can commence at any time during the year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

HOW TO REMIT.

Payment for The Post when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster is required to register letters when requested.

Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom St., Philada.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 2, 1881.


TABLE OF CONTENTS.


"Held in Honor."—Chapters I and II.
"The Lost Wife."—Chapter XXXI Continued, and Chapter XXXII.
"Lady Hutton's Ward."—Concluded.
"Lady Margerie."—Chapter XLII Continued, and Chapter XLIII.
Short Stories.
Ladies' Department—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.
New Publications.
The World of Humor.
Bric-a-Brac.
Scientific and Useful.
Farm and Garden.
Miscellaneous.
Grains of Gold.
Editorials. Sanctum Chat.
Answers to Inquiries.
News Items, Miscellany and Poetry


## "HELD IN HONOR."

In this issue of The Post, which contains the conclusion of "Lady Hutton's Ward," we begin another story, entitled "Held in Honor," by the same fascinating writer. We assure our readers, who seem to be unanimous in their appreciation of the many beauties of "Lady Hutton's Ward," that "Held in Honor" even surpasses that serial in absorbing interest. We can commend it as possessing in the highest degree the finest qualities of its distinguished authoress. If our readers found a treat in "Lady Hutton's Ward," we are sure the pleasure they will take in "Held in Honor" will be even greater.

## MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

The difference between the officious, meddling person, who is generally regarded as a nuisance, and one who is to be commended for troubling himself with other men's affairs, depends upon the motive which prompts the interference and the way in which it is conducted. Circumstances are supposable when it would be a positive crime not to interfere. By a little judicious advice you may be able to save your neighbor from some entanglement that would be most disastrous to his interests; or a friendly interference on your part may clear up a misunderstanding that is likely to produce a permanent alienation between two valued friends. We ought not to call this thing meddling; it is a simple act of benevolence.

But there are people with whom the disposition to concern themselves in the affairs of others, on all possible occasions, seems to be instinctive. Whatever is going on they want to do something to help it along. Without intending any harm, their interference is often the cause of much mischief. The worst thing that can happen to any good cause is for such a man to volunteer as its advocate.

There is another species of meddlers whom you always dread to see enter you house. Nothing that is going on there escapes his observation. If you have bought a new piece of furniture he will want to know what it cost, and then "wonder how you could afford it." If he has happened to see a young man cross your threshold the day before, he will be anxious to know whether "the young man has any particular intentions." If there are reports flying abroad affecting any of your relatives, he will be sure to ask "how the case really stands, and what you yourself think about it, and how it is likely to turn?" He is very critical as to your management of the children—you are too indulgent, or too rigid, as the case may be; he wonders that you allow them to talk so much at the table, or that you do not encourage them to talk more; he wonders again that you do not keep them longer at school, or that you do not take them from school and set them to work; he wonders that you allow them to eat this or that, and that you permit them to sit up so late in the evening; in fact, there is nothing touching their welfare that he does not wonder at.

Troublesome as he is, there is another kind of busybody much more trying and offensive. When he interferes it means mischief. He may call it by some other name—"just a little bit of pleasantry, a harmless hoax"—or something of this sort; but there is malice in it notwithstanding. He keeps the whole community in a ferment, and nobody is secure from his officious impertinence. He has the skin of a rhinoceros, and no common arrow can penetrate it. If you manage to dodge him at one corner, he turns up at the next. He meddles with everything where there is a possibility of giving annoyance.

There is a class of busy-bodies who must be spoken of with much greater forbearance than either of the others whom we have mentioned. When they interfere with the affairs of others, and this may be somewhat often, they do it from conscientious or benevolent motives; and those who do not conform to their standard are very certain to have a word of rebuke. The giving of unpleasant counsel may be the strongest proof of friendship, but it is apt to break friendship. But, after all, it may not be always complimentary to say of a man that "he minds his own business and lets other people alone." He may do this because he does not care for anybody but himself.

They take very unprofitable pains who endeavor to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise the world and all that is in it, even whilst they themselves live here, and some seem to delight in appearing worse than they are. Do not imitate their example. Put your best side out and keep it out until it gets accustomed to staying out, and then through all the ins and outs of life it can remain without endangering its health As for your worst side, you should keep it from the public until it is cleaned and repaired, as you would a soiled garment. Always put foremost your best foot, and speak your best word, and covet earnestly the best gifts.

## SANCTUM CHAT

The Indiana Senate recently passed a bill protecting the literary property of public libraries from mutilation and defacement, and making an offense in this direction a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment.

—

The preparations now being made for emigration to the United States in various villages and provincial districts of Germany indicate that the influx to our shores in the next twelve months may be greater than even that of last year.

—

A prominent London journal understands that the advocates of the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister have canvassed the members of the House of Lords, and have thereby ascertained that the measure for altering the present law is approved by an actual majority of the peers.

—

Prosecutions were recently brought by the police in an English town against two little boys for "whistling in a derisive manner" at a local magistrate and the head constable. The authors of the prosecution appeared to consider the act a species of sedition, and were greatly chagrined at finding the cases laughed out of Court.

—

Letter paper of a different color for every day of the week is now adopted in Paris. On Monday fair correspondents pen their epistles on pale green, on Tuesday pink in the orthodox tint, Wednesday, as an unlucky day, is distinguished by sombre grey, blue is used on Friday, straw color on Saturday, and a delicate mauve on Sunday.

—

The London Peace Society is considering the desirableness of resuming this year the plan which it commenced more than thirty years ago, of holding international peace congresses in some Continental city. It is proposed, if possible, to hold such a conference at Brussels next autumn, with the special view of discussing some suggestions for reducing the gigantic armaments of Europe.

—

An extended system of industrial education is to be introduced in connection with the communal schools of Paris. Fifty workshows will at first be opened, and should the experiment succeed, others will be added to every municipal school in the city. Instructions will be given in a variety of handicrafts, and every child will thus have the means of starting in life. —

Recognizing as a fact that life prisoners are notoriously the hardest to manage, for the reason that, however well conducted and industrious they may be, they have no clemency to expect, an attempt is being made to amend the penal code of California by having life sentences commuted upon the life insurance tables, and permitting the discharge of a prisoner after the term he was likely to live, when sentenced, has expired.

—

A clergyman, aged 77 years, who now lives at Coldwater, Michigan, makes this remarkable statement: "I never swore an oath, never took a chew of tobacco, never smoked pipe or cigar, never drank a drop of whisky, never sang a song, never played cards, billiards, checkers, croquet, or any game other than the innocent games of childhood; never struck a blow, never met with an accident, though I have traveled 100,000 miles, and never did a thing of which I felt ashamed. I can repeat more of the Bible than any other man living of whom I have any knowledge. I have given away more real estate in this city than all its other inhabitants. I preached for over fifteen years and traveled over five hundred miles attending funerals, and all the salary I ever got was a pound of tea worth 75 cents."

—

A vegetarian society has been formed in Paris. Its president declares that many men notable for their moral and intellectual energy and physical vigor have been vegetarians, among others Pythagoras, Plutarch, Newton, Milton, B. St. Pierre, Franklin, Monthyon, who all lived to an old age. President Lincoln, he adds, whose stature was gigantic, whose muscular force was colossal, and whose energy was indomitable, never ate animal food.

—

The great servant question in England is becoming yet more complicated. A lady engaged a cook, and thought herself secure in a personal reference. She had called at the address and had seen the lady, who gave the cook an excellent character. A few days after her new employer discovered that the new cook was an infamous character. She turned her away at a moment's notice, and went, full of indignation, to remonstrate with the lady who had given the woman so good a character. On this occasion she saw a very different person, and on reiterating her wish to see the lady of the house, she was answered, "I am Mrs. ——," and then the truth came out. It was the lady's maid who had personated her mistress, and given the character. The cook had been sent away in disgrace.

—

Donizetti, the composer, was really the inventor of the ulster. One day at Paris he sent for his tailor to measure him for an overcoat. The tailor found him at the piano, surrendering himself to the rapture of composition. Nevertheless, he was persuaded to quit the beloved instrument and deliver himself up to the man of tape and chalk. The tailor made the first measurements, then stooping, began to take the length of the garment. "To the knee, sir?" he said, timidly. "Lower, lower," said the composer in a dreamy voice. The tailor brought the measure half way down the leg, and paused, inquiringly. "Lower, lower." The tailor reached the composer's ankles. "Lower, lower." "But, sir, you won't be able to walk." "Walk! walk! who wants to walk?" said the composer, with an ecstatic lifting of the arms, "I never walk—I soar."

—

An eminent scholar and churchman of New York says that Sunday schools as now conducted are likely to undermine the church than feed it. The difficulty is that the Sunday school as an institution is held up as being itself the children's church. We are sorry to find that some persons in the discussion of the subject say that this objection is just the merit of the Sunday school. This idea will give way before better judgment ere long but the fact that it is upheld by anyone only shows how imminent the danger has become. According to this theory the regular preaching of the word of God, the administration of the sacraments and all the means of grace which the Saviour instituted may be abandoned in the course of one or two generations. The argument that Sunday schools are adapted to the children is a poor one. There is such a thing as lowering God to man's devices instead of making man conform to God.

### COMMONPLACE.

BY S. E. W.

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms, and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world, and sad our lot,
If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul,
Of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

# LADY MARGERIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVIA," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED.)

"BECAUSE he wanted her for a purpose," was the reply, "he wanted her to track and trace one whose lovely face had won his wicked heart. He deceived my wife cruelly, promising if she would serve him, by betraying all the lady's movements, that he would ascertain my movements and try and win me back to her. Poor Magdalen! little did she think I was seeking her through him. So time passed on. Magdalen did his bidding up to a certain point, and then—well, she learnt to love his intended victim too well to place her in his power."

"One question," said Blanche. "Was I that intended victim?"

"You were," he replied, "but be quite easy. Magdalen is true to you—as true as the needle to the pole. She dropped her correspondence with the agent of Victor Fuller and when you removed to the Isle of Wight she carefully hid your address from him. She feared some harm, she scarcely knew what, to you; and although it almost broke her heart to give up the clue to me through Fuller, yet for your sake, and through the great love she had for you, she made up her mind to it, trusting to Heaven's mercy to bring me back to her. Our child she had before this removed from Fuller's care.

"One day, a few weeks since, while wandering listlessly alone, I accidentally strayed down a narrow and secluded lane, leading to a strange, desolate-looking house. I was standing and gazing at it when I heard a voice I knew full well, singing one of the songs that in other and better days had made my fickle heart beat wildly. I followed up that voice, for I was sure that the singer was my lost Magdalen. Nor was I mistaken. With a wild scream of joy, that assured me of her deep love, she flew to me.

"When all was explained and Fuller's treachery unmasked, I saw further into his deep villainy than she did. I knew of what he was capable, and I determined I should save both her and you, and shield you from his cunning and revenge. But I kept my plans to myself, enjoining the strictest secrecy on her part, and forbidding her to mention to you my arrival in the neighborhood. Besides, I had other reasons for your abduction—pardon the word;—which you shall know hereafter, and of which I pledge my life and honor you will approve. Young lady, I am a penitent man now; and through you I shall, so far as I can, make restitution for one bad act of a sinful life."

He ceased, as he did so, he rose and walked to the other side of the cabin. A large lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and its light fell full on his care-worn face. Blanche's eyes were fixed on him. Then there came a flash of memory, and in an instant she remembered where she had seen him before.

"I recollect you now," she said. "I remember you quite clearly; you stood in the corridor with grandpapa on my birthday night when he sent for me to ask me for the key of my own suite of rooms."

"You are right," replied Captain Wilmot, for so was he called; "you are quite right. I stood there beside him."

"One question more," said Violet, and he turned and smiled at her, and shook his head as though he meant to give a stern denial. "Only one," she resumed. "I will be willing to wait for all the other mysteries of my strange fate. I will not ask you either who you are, or where you mean to take me. I believe you are my firm, true friend, so I will abide your time for making all clear; but I should like to know who it is you mistrust with regard to myself in this vessel? Surely I may know so much."

"You may," he replied. "The person to whom I allude is Rosalie Norman, your former maid. She is here, and you will see her before long. But do not trust her—she is not to be relied on."

"How did she come here?" exclaimed Violet, in surprise.

"That is soon explained," replied Captain Wilmot. "A few days since Doctor Fitzpatrick, a well-known practitioner in the island, came to the office and inquired for the first ship sailing for Gibraltar. Mine happened to be the first. He then said that he wished to engage a passage for a young lady who had run away from her friends—some people of distinction, living near Gibraltar—for the sake of a gentleman, with whom she had fallen in love. He added that the gentleman in question was distasteful to the girl's family. There was something in the man's manner that led me to suspect him. I drew him on, and came to the conclusion that you were the lady in question, and that some deep treachery was meditated toward you. Determined to thwart him, I hastened my own preparations, and, as you know, carried you off by force before he could lay his hands on you. No passage money had been deposited, so I was free to sail without his intended passenger. Judge my surprise when Rosalie Norman was given into my charge as Doctor Fitzpatrick's fare! She had, it seems, taken refuge in the house where you were known to pass some portion of your time, and was kidnapped there in place of yourself. All this I learnt from her; and, seeing that the mistake would serve my plans well, and prevent any inconvenient inquiries with regard to yourself, I let it pass. Now you know all that I can tell you, until I unravel the other intricate mysteries in the presence of one who has the right to compel me to do so; and then, after that interview, I shall bid you good-bye—for ever!"

She looked up wistfully at him, almost regretfully, and he understood that look and answered it.

"It must be so," he said. "Perhaps I shall grieve at losing the sight of your sweet face and the sound of your gentle voice; but it must be so. A broad social river flows between us, and the wealthy heiress of the title of St. Clair—yes, you see I know you—can have no fellowship with the poor sea-faring Captain Wilmot. Now I will send Rosalie to you. Question her as much as you will, but do not trust her. She must act as your maid. I cannot spare my newly recovered Magdalen. Good night."

He held out his hand; she took it, and grasped it warmly. Blanche's loving heart pardoned and felt for the erring but penitent man. In a few moments a girl's light footstep approached, and then Rosalie Norman stood before her much-injured young mistress.

"Oh Miss Blanche," she began, as in a burst of wild weeping she threw herself on her knees, "Miss Blanche, for the love of Heaven forgive me!"

"I have yet to learn what I have to forgive," replied Blanche, coldly, remembering Captain Wilmot's caution.

"I did not know that it was poison," pursued Rosalie. "Miss Blanche, I swear to you that I did not think it would do more than send you into a deep sleep, and so serve the wicked purposes of your enemies in enabling them to carry you away for a time. You know not what arts were used. It was for love of him I did it all; he was dearer to me than life."

She hid her face in her hands, but Blanche could see the red blush of shame on the usually white brow.

"Whom do you mean?" Blanche asked.

"Doctor Fitzpatrick," replied the girl. "He sought and won my love. Was it any wonder I, a poor untutored girl, should love him when he sought me in all honor, as he professed to do? But I know how much his hollow promises are worth now. I know that he only wanted to make me his tool; for did he not laugh at my grief and my reproaches when he was sure of Lady Margerie for his wife?"

"Lady Margerie!" exclaimed Blanche. "surely she will not marry Doctor Fitzpatrick?"

"She hates him," resumed Rosalie, "and she promised me that she would make him marry me, if——"

The girl paused suddenly, and looked up with a deadly pale face at Blanche. Then she continued, speaking in a low and earnest yet rapid way.

"My life has been a perfect torture," she said. "I have known no peace either by night or by day. If I sleep, my dreams are horrors. If I wake, nothing but fear and regret is within me. There is no hope, either here or hereafter, for such as I am."

"There is hope even in your own words," replied Violet, gently. "The first step to repentance is the recognition of its need. There is 'hope' for every poor trembling repentant sinner."

"Oh that I could believe so much," said Rosalie. "Miss Blanche, I dare not tell you all I know. I have promised to keep their secrets. But there is a web woven round you, and sooner or later you will be entangled in it—if you are not now."

"I do not fear," said Blanche; "but now let me hear something of those dear friends to whom my heart clings so fondly. Is poor old grandpapa well?"

The girl gave a low shriek of horror, and turned from the beautiful eyes that were bent on her so anxiously.

"No, no, no,—do not," she said. "Miss Blanche, have some mercy on me, and do not ask those dreadful questions. I implore you, wait, and all shall be told—all. And when the evil is repaired, and the rights which have been taken from you restored, I will go and hide myself in some refuge for the guilty and the wretched, and try to win pardon by prayer and penitence for my crimes."

The girl looked so wild, so pale, so miserable, that Blanche rather felt inclined to soothe and console than to blame her.

"Poor Rosalie," she said, gently, "your sin can scarcely have been equal to the penitence that tortures you; but I will not distress you more. Only remember that there is forgiveness in Heaven for the chief of sinners, and it would ill become poor, erring mortals to withhold the pardon we all so deeply need. When you can summon courage, I would entreat you to give me a fuller account of what happened at St. Clair, after—my supposed death," she added, with a smile.

"I will, I will," said Rosalie, "if you will let me tell you without asking more than I can answer you. To-morrow—yes, to-morrow we will talk, but not to-night. The very sight of you has brought back such terrible memories, such anguish, that I cannot bear to speak of the past."

Violet listened with a strange feeling of mingled relief and rest. The life she had led for the past six months had been so agonizing in its utter isolation from familiar ties, in its forced and painful concealment of the truth, its incessant struggles with herself and with the feelings that were for the first time dawning in her heart, that the sight of a familiar face, the breaking up, as it were, of the enforced seal that had been on her lips, the encounter with one who claimed to be of the same blood, the feeling that at last a stronger power, a firmer mind than her own was near her, and exercised for her, gave great relief to her heart. True, mystery, self-denial, and doubt were still her portion; but something in the manner of that singular stranger won upon her confidence—or at least gave her faith in his sincerity. And Rosalie—she could not doubt her! The agony in her face, the uncontrolable agitation, the genuine, unforced penitence could not be mistaken.

Blanche was indeed, as Rosalie had said, a noble creature. Few girls, few women even of twice her age and of twice her experience in life, could have exercised such trust, such courage. She saw, she knew that Rosalie had indeed been the instrument of the wicked attack on her life. She was again in her power. She was in a yet more helpless and apparently dangerous situation than in the home of her childhood, the hereditary castle of her ancestors; still she did not fear. The bulwarks around her had proved vain for her safety. He who had watched over her then, who had almost miraculously delivered her from the actual power of the grave, was all sufficient in her now apparently perilous and helpless situation on that frail bark, exposed without to the ocean, and within to the power of strangers, and of one who had proved so false and treacherous in past days.

Few, indeed, would have had faith and trust and Christian courage enough to lie down in the narrow couch where the first heiress of St. Clair reposed that night, and to close their eyes in peace and composure; but Blanche's thoughts, if troubled, were for others. She thought of her grandfather, whose love for herself had been so clearly proved, of the stern but loving grandmother, who had been her real defence from a terrible fate, and of one other—of his chivalrous and generous devotion, of his untiring and delicate services, rendered at risk of money, health, and even life; and she began almost to doubt whether she had not carried her own sense of duty too far, and tried her noble-hearted lover more than her obligations to him could have warranted.

Thus Blanche's last thoughts were of others, not of herself; her fears were for her friends, her relatives, her lover. Her last prayer was for Sir Evan; the last words on her lips were a fervent but trustful and submissive prayer that at least the life and health and happiness of the beloved one might be secured, even if she were divided from him for ever.

Such was the spirit of the St. Clairs in courage and in fortitude: but the unselfish temper, the humble yet lofty trust, the angelic patience, were Blanche's own heavenly gifts, and they brought with them a reward from above.

A calm sleep, a gentle peace, fell on the girl's eyes as she lay in that humble couch, such as was denied to the haughty usurper of her rights in the splendid Castle of St. Clair.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

WHILE Blanche St. Clair was peacefully sleeping on her cabin couch, secure in the protection of Heaven amidst the dangers and plots that surrounded her, Lady Margerie and her confederate in crime were sitting in the dark recesses of Lady Cecily's seat, scarcely darker than the gloomy thoughts and plots of their own hearts. And yet all seemed prospering with them. Blanche had, at least, totally disappeared from the scene, if still in this lower world. Sir Evan—almost equally dangerous—was safely lodged in a gloomy and distant prison. Sir Rupert Pelham had returned, anxious and eager to fulfil the wishes of his own and his betrothed bride's heart. The wedding was to take place in about a fortnight from that time, quietly and without ostentation in the Castle chapel.

The title and estates of the St. Clairs were now in the grasp of Lady Margerie, and even the shadow that the presence of the neighborhood of the Dowager Countess might have cast over the bright prosperity of the scene was removed. The countess had been ordered off to the Mediterranean for her health. A severe attack of bronchitis had seized her, immediately on her departure from the island on an inclement and threatening day, which nothing but her own determined will would have braved; and the physicians had declared that nothing but a few weeks in the genial South

could save h-r. Thus -ll had -ppeared to go well with Lady Margerie. Her plans were succeeding; the long-coveted -plendo- and rank and power were hers, and her only child was about to be unt-ted to the sole collateral heir of St. Clair. What could be wanting t- the fulnes- of her content?

The peace, if indeed there be any, of the guilty is ever of hazardous and brief continuance, and Lady Margerie was no exception to the rule. There were two bitter ingredients in her cup—Rosalie Norman's disappearance, and Alexander Fitzpatrick's presence, or rather his determined and irresistible mastery over the proud woman whose guilt had placed her in his power. He was not a man to forbear in the exercise of that power. His own iron will, his indomitable ambition, his selfish vanity, were far too engrossing for one spark of pity or qualm of conscience to interfere with his resolves; and now that -he tim- drew near for the complet'on of hi- long-cherished plans, the la t hope of the countess began to f-de. The power -he had invoked was not to be conquered at her will; the spirit she had called in to her aid was not to be quelled at pleasure. True, she was Countess of St. Clair, free from the ties of kindred, the danger of foes, but she had in Alexander Fitzpatri-k one, in comparison with whom such ties were as nothing. He had arrived at the Castle in the dusk of the evening at the time we describe, and Lady St. Clair had, with the terror of a guilty conscience, implored him to allow the conference he desired to tak- place in the secluded bower, where they were secure alike fro-n observation and eavesdroppers.

Sir Rupert Pelham's presence in the Castle made her more terrified A- to the chance of detection, she had more than once perceived, as she thought, a mark of remors-, if not of suspicion, on hi- face when the name of Blanche had by any chance been alluded to. It might be remorse on his part, it might mean guilt on hers, that prompted it, but so it was. She dreaded lest the slightest word should occasion suspicion, or give a clue to detection on his part. Sir Rupert Pelham had still the honorable spirit of his race, if not the spotless conscience that should have accompanied it, and Lady Margerie shrewdly divined that a hint, a single cause for increased suspicion on his part, would be fatal. And there they sat, those two guilty ones, deep in the plot that could alone cover, as they believ-d, the sin and the danger they had incurred.

"And she left n- trace, no sign of her flight?" said the physician, after a pause.

"Trace, yes; the rope tha- hung from th- wind w was a trace. The footsteps in the garden were traces of her flight," replied the lady, bitterly.

"I mean as to her destination, as to her present residence," said he.

"None," replied the lady, "unle-s indeed a vague report that the ferry-boat at St. Helen's had been loosed from its moorings and set adri-t. But the storm of that morning was sufficient explanation, and the idea that a girl like that should be able to accomplish such a thing was perfectly absurd."

"I do not agree with you," said the physician; "I do not agree with you, Lady St. Clair. I believe Rosalie had courage and energy enough for anything: and I do not doubt that was the real mode of her flight. Is there any chance that she could be secreted -ear here?"

"None," was the reply; "I have had every possible inquiry instituted, but without success.

"Then I have -o doubt—none. She is at large and at liberty to tell all," said the physician.

"She dares not; she dares not!" said the lady.

"Why, Lady St. Clair?" said Dr. Fitzpatrick, laughingly "The girl that dare do the deeds that Rosalie Norman has undertaken is not likely to pause at any other act to whi-h she is prompted by interest or revenge. Remember what she did. Remember the daring, the dexterity with which she administered the poison to Blanche St. Clair; the yet greater courage which she displayed in playing the ghost of the departed Lady C-cily, and murdering your worthy brother, the late earl; and then say whether you think she would be daunted by any personal fear or danger or disgrace from other deeds."

Lady Margerie quivered under the taunting words.

"It is not for you to reproach me," she said. "You have shared in all."

"No, not in the last skilful touch," he replied. "It was only a woman that could have planned that fiendish scheme of terrifying a paralyzed invalid to death by the personification of a lost child; and I give you credit for a scheme that even I could not have devised."

The lady shook with mingled anger and conscious-stricken guilt.

"At least," she said, "it was you that devised the murder of a young and lovely girl, and who claimed for the reward a rank and station f-r which you are as little fitted as to be the consort of a queen."

"Thanks," said he; "but we had better leave these little personalities alone, or you may hear some truths that will scarce'y please you, my fair lady, or rather my lady countess, who have perh-ps once been fair."

"Speak then," she said, bitterly.

"Well the time to speak the truth is come at last, I will grant," said he. "Bu- are you ready to hear it?—are you able to bear it?"

"I am a St. Clair," replied the lady bitterly, "and I scarcely think I am likely to quail."

"Then listen, madam," he began. "You have accused me of coveting rank and station; so did you;—of the murder of an innocent and youthful girl, in that you -articipated. Now all these facts are so clear, -nd we have been so entirely mixed up in the whole affair, that it is waste tim- for us to reproach each other with crimes with which we participated equally. But there are things in which you, madam, are the sole agent, and there are things of which you are ignorant, and which it is perhaps time you should know, that you may comprehend and appreciate our true position."

He paused a mo-ent—then went on.

"In some respects, madam, you are better; in others perhaps less flatteringly placed, than you believe yourself. Listen to the truth. You are unreasonably angry with my preferring my own interest, my own happiness to yours. Now I mean to marry you, but I don't love you well enough for your sake alone—if I could get the fortune I want, the position I covet, without the addit-on of a mother who has a grown-up daughter. Youth and beauty has charms for me as well as others; an- if you expected anything else, you reckoned without your host. If I could have secured these apart from you, I sho-ld have done so."

Lady St Clair w-itened with rage, "Do you mean, do you dare to in-inuate that Isabel—that my daughter ——"

"No, no," said he, "don't d-sturb your mind at the idea of having a daughter as a rival. It is not -ady Isabel that has won upon me; it is one as young, as be-ut-ful,—nay, in my eyes far more so,—if not so exalted in rank."

"Rosalie!" exclaimed the countess, starting.

"Yes, madam, Rosalie Norman was the real and sole object of my love," he replied; "the girl who I intende- should one day be my wife. It was her attachment to m- that -nduced her to perform the part she did; and had you -eft her alone, or had she b-en wise enough to confide entirely to me, w-y then I might st-ll have pursued my original plan; but these circumstances have altogether changed my v-ews. Rosalie had apparently taken a fr-enzy that would not only be inconvenient bu- dangerous, whether as my int-nded bride or my real wife. That is now completely out of the question; and, once more, your interests and mine are identical."

A bitter sneer came over the lady's face.

"Tha- remains to be seen, sir," said she "Do you imagine that after this open insult I am likely to comply with your insolent deman-, even had I ever seriously entertained the idea of such degradation?"

"Yes," w-s the reply; "you cannot help yourself, unless you want to be publicly exp-sed as a criminal instead of reigning as the queen Countess of St. Clair, and partner of my plans and joys and sor ows."

He smiled, and the face of Margerie Lisle, Countess of St. Clair, grew paler and paler with hatred and suppressed fury

"Do what you wi-l," she said; "you cannot prevent my daughter from succeeding to her inherit-nce."

"I am not sure of that," he said. "Again I fear you are indulging a flattering error, Lady St. Clair. The existence of Mis- St Clair is at least a certainty."

"She is il-egitimate," said Lady St. Clair.

"That remains to be proved," replied the physician, calmly; "but I tell you, madam, that my own firm belief is, that the girl was the lawful child of your niece. The earl was scarcely a man to risk the honor of his house, and the exposure that might have ensued, had he not had good reasons to believe it."

"You are wrong," she said, angrily, "quite wrong. My brother's eagerness to marry her to Sir Rupert Pelham, a collateral heir, showed that he doubted that her claim would bear investigation. No trace of a certifi-ate has been discovered; and the man Lady Cecily married has been dead for many yea-s."

"The sea has given up its dead before now," said Dr. Fitzpatrick, significantly.

"Fool!" she exclaimed. "Do you think he would not have appeared long since, had he been living?"

"There is no proof that he has not," he replied. "The earl was not a man to tell all and everything that happened; and I know that a per-on, who has evidently some strong claim on his attention, had an interview, and a stormy one, on the very day when Sir Rupert first arrived at the Castle. But I tell you candidly, this is rather a surmise than a certainty on my part. The case is strong enough, without need of more proof; and unle-s you are mad, you will at on-e submit to what you cannot prevent."

"And that is——" she demanded.

"The fulfilment of your promise to become my wife on the day when Lady Isabel is married to the next heir of St. Clair," he replied. "The same clergyman can perform the ceremony in the Castle chapel, and without any unpleasant exposure or publicity; if not, I shall at once inform Sir Rupert Pelham of the truth, and take measures with him accordingly."

The man was triumphant; but nothing is so dangerous as to drive a woman, and that woman a guilty one, to desperat-on. It was not a good omen for Alexander Fitzpatrick that Lady Margerie dissembled her feelings.

"Doctor Fitzpatrick," she said, quietly, "I will consent in a mea-ure to your terms. I will become your wife on the day after Isabel marries Sir Rupert Pelham, and I am ready to write the promise you desire."

"And you will, of cours-, invite me to the bridal of my future step-daughter?" said the physician.

"Most assuredly, I shall hope for your compa-y, Doctor Fitzpatrick," was the gracious re-ly.

The doctor was puzzled. He could scarcely divine the tactacs of his future bride, or understand the sudden transition from bitter and indignant scorn to a docile and amicable compliance with his wishes. But he could only imagin- it was his own exacting power over h-r that had worked the change.

"Then our plans are now concluded," he said.

"I presume so," replied Lady St. Clair.

"I would suggest that the whole affair should be hastened," he resumed. "Sir Evan is safe until the next assizes at Carlisle, and even then, if I am not mistaken, his fate -s tolerably sure. Still, it is as well to make matters certain; and when once these double marriages are co-cluded there will be little or nothing to fear."

Lady Margerie rose. She seemed thankful to escape from the irksome restraints imposed on her. But a fresh idea appeared to strike her.

"If Blanche lives," she said in a low tone "and Rosalie——"

"I will see to that," he interrupted. "Trust me, Lady Margerie, you will be far safer and happier in the protection and assistance of a husband whose interests are identical with your own. I don't doubt you will soon learn to confide in me, and feel it quite a relief,—don't you comprehend? as your excellent sister-in-law, the Countess of St. Clair, used to say."

"I do not doubt it," she replied, meekly; "I shall soon confide entirely in you. And now I must say farewell, as I may be missed."

She did not hold out her hand, neither did she refuse his.

"Shall I not see you to your residence?"

She declined, then rose to leave the bower. The pale moonbeams fell on a face white and rigid. Even the daring physician was somewhat appalled by the strange look of those lustrous eyes.

"Margerie," said he, "we are friends, are we not?"

"Oh yes," she said, quietly; "more than friends, as you say. But I am weary and cold. Good-night."

The physician stood gazing after her with a keen, dissatisfied look.

"I am not half sure of her," he said; "and yet I do not think she dare deceive me,—she knows there is too much at stake—too much at stake," he repeated, emphatically.

He fixed his eyes on the dancing waves, plashing and sparkling in the moonbeams. All seemed hazy and indistinct as if in evil omen, and a strange chill went to his very heart.

"I like it not," he said; "I am a fool to attach import to omens and fancies; yet there is something that troubles me in this fitful, misty atmosphere. There is nothing tangible, nothing fixed, in any one object. Even the trees are quivering and shaking their grim heads at me. Pshaw! I am getting a fool. I must leave this. I am chilled and depressed. A warm room and a strong glass will soon set me right."

He rose, shook his gaunt frame, and walked slowly from the spot to a place where a boat was waiting for him, with a slight youth holding the oars. He took the oars from the lad, seated himself, and in a few moments he had rowed over to the opposite shore, near the spot where Sir Evan Leslie had spent so many busy and eventful days. But it was not in that direction he walked; it was rather along the path which Blanche had once taken that he now wound his way, while the lad fastened the boat to its moorings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

---

An old beggar-woman asked a lady the other day for a penny. "I've nothing for you," said the lady; "but if you go to the soup kitchen you'll get a pint of excellent soup."—"Soup is it ye mane?" bawled the indignant mendicant. "Do you call that stuff soup? Sure and I'll just tell ye how they make it; they get a quart of water, and then boil it down to a pint to make it strong."

---

Two Connecticut boys opened a letter which they pick-d up in the street, found $800 worth of railroad bonds in it, and returned it to the owner. He gave them forty-five cents, and said, when they grumbled at the minute reward, that they were lucky not to be arrested for opening the envelope.

---

What is often called genius is often nothing more than luck.

# Accepted.

BY F. L. P.

IT was just six months and four days after the decease of Mr. Titus Bubble, when his bachelor friend Mr Ichabod Thistle, found himself in the parlor of his widow It was evening, and the mellow light of the single gas burner reflected its rays through the prismatic glass pendants from the chandelier to the opposite wall, in rainbow colors of rare beauty. This appearance induced Mrs Bubble to take a seat near Mr. Thistle, that together they might more minutely scan the beauty of the reflection. Whether it renewed courage or not, we never knew; but the lounge was downy, and his position was altogether an enviable one, especially contrasted with his straw matting floor at home, and the old leather cushioned chair, which was his daily seat. Mr. Thistle began thus:

"And so, Mrs. Bubble, you think of retaining this house and its comforts, just as your husband left it? Titus was a noble-souled fellow very shrewd withal, and must have left you a handsome fortune."

Mrs. Bubbles raised a deep bordered pocket handkerchief to her eyes, and replied—

"He did so; but then Mrs. Thistle, I never knew what real trouble was until my husband died. I never shall forgive the undertaker for his carelessness. That plate on his coffin was buried with him, and then to think of those mismatched horses in the procession. I am told, Mr Thistle that the distant connections rode in a carriage where a white horse and a red one were paired. Poor Titus! Why, it seems as if the sight would have made him rise! you know, Mr. Thistle, my husband had a great fancy for finely matched animals."

Mr. Thistle wondered what he would think of their being yoked. He only bowed, therefore, to this remark, and added: 'Unprotected women must have peculiar sufferings arising from their loneliness."

"But, Mr. Thistle, you well know that my husband was not a domestic character. Poor dear soul! how much comfort he used to take in that Club House. His admission fee was five hundred dollars, and this sum he always paid annually, because I insisted that cigar smoke was ruinous to my damasks; and then he was so fond of games, and nobody could beat him at billiards or chess; but the worst of it was, he would keep late hours, and that wore upon his constitution, and I used to reprove him and beseech him, out of pure regard to his own health; but Heaven's will be done, his time had come!" and here the widow again wept profusely. "Still," she added, "I did my duty as far as I knew. I bought the best suit of bombazine and the richest crape I could find, I have ever since worn the first widow's veil, and conducted just as if he were looking out of his grave upon me. No gentleman, Mr. Thistle, by invitation has crossed my threshold; for all men are alike to me now, Mr. Thistle; and when people joke me about them, I think to myself, could I ever act such a dutiful part to another? for, after all, Mr. Thistle, a husband has a great many wants, as well as a wife. To keep one's temper when one is slighted; to have the question rudely put to you, 'why didn't you mend this coat, and sew on that button, and oversee the nursery maid, and look into dark, dirty closets?' to be told that you are not so much of an invalid as you fancy yourself, to take no interest in a finely executed piece of embroidery, and object to one's riding, on the ostensible ground that walking is more conducive to health,—Oh, Mr. Thistle, when I think over all these things all men are alike, and my dear husband was only like the race in general I only regret now I ever gave him such Caudle lectures, but Heaven knows I only did it for his good!"

"And nothing would induce you to change your mind, I suppose?" inquired Mr. Thistle

"I said all men were alike," replied the widow. 'Perhaps I ought to qualify such language. Titus, you know, sir, had a violent temper, and was fond of some things, of which any woman ought to complain."

'But would Mrs Bubble object to forming another connection, with a sedate, home-loving, pleasing, agreeable companion, whose whole life should be devoted to her service?'

Mrs. Bubble paused.

'But, sir, I have so often insisted upon it to my friends that I should never quit my widowhood, that all my time should be spent with little Titus, that I should be a perfect laughing stock were I to change it. But,' said she, emphatically, "the boy does need a father. I am satisfied paternal care should be added to maternal, Mr. Thistle."

"Certainly," replied the bachelor, feeling quite at ease.

"And then as to the guardianship, I have assumed that responsible charge, and Titus is beginning to have so many wants—that big drum cost ten dollars, Mr. Thistle, and the musical instrument, which he broke yesterday, was fifty, done in a passion, Mr. Thistle, and yet he is a good boy—only so like his father. I am, therefore, free to say, that my care all devolving on one, is enough to break down the strongest constitution. And when I used to say to Titus, 'I shall never marry again in the event of your death,' he used to call me womanish, and say, in less than a year somebody would be stepping in his slippers Poor man! he knew human nature; but, then, I had never realized the solitude of widowhood;—to act the part of a man at the table; to ride alone in a carriage; to take solitary journeyings, and everywhere and at all times to feel unprotected It really shatters my nervous system, and makes me at times almost relent."

Thistle's room, on his return looked cheerless enough. An old bachelor's life seemed to him a dreary one. Those easy chairs; that comfortable fortune; the ample house, and freedom to range every part of it; strengthened his purpose to again call on Mrs. Bubble. The conversation was then resumed, and now the widow added:

"You are the most convincing man in the world, Mr. Thistle. I have been talking with little 'Titi' He says he should love his new 'papa;' and as I have looked over the whole circumstances. I do not see that I can be blamed for changing my mind. I shall, however, Mr. Thistle, keep the purse strings in my own hands! but we shall mutually be benefited by the outlays"

Poor Thistle was thunderstruck; he doubted whether he had better hang his hat on that vacant peg; but he had gone so far, it might look dishonorable. And in seven months from Bubble's death, everybody was gazing at a pair of splendid white steeds which stood before the church door; and while they looked, Mr. and Mrs Thistle jumped into the carriage, having just been made one!

---

INTELLECT IN BRUTES.—Instinct apart, cases of intelligence in animals are very numerous, of the affections still more numerous. A few years back, during a heavy gale, a sweep of the boom drove the master of a smack into the sea. Instantly the ship's dog bounded in after, and, sustaining the drowning man, both passed grandly into hoe eternities together. I have known cats who let themselves into the dwelling house at pleasure, and at least three dogs who were wont to deposit the pennies given them on the counter of some baker or pastry cook in return for values received. I used to meet on the highway a dog who rode behind his master's groom. The hardest trot never seemed to discompose his seat. Even birds—not merely trained birds—sometimes display singular attainments. I know a lady who had a singing duck, but being one day at a loss for a couple, she sacrificed the sagacious to make up a pair One wishes that she had displayed a little more humanity; as a sage clergyman, not a hundred miles from where I sit, who ordered a goose that had evinced the warmest attachment to be slain by reason of the poor bird having followed him on the occasion of paying a visit into a friend's drawing room When a boy I used to spend many a holiday at a farmer's house. Besides human beings, I had numerous playmates, too, in the kine, swine, dogs, fowl, horned cattle and horses about the place, and indeed was never tired of observing their modes of living and acting. The great house dog used often to play with a large hog They alternately chased and faced one another till the hogs chaps would froth again actually with the excitement of the sport At first I supposed that the pig did not like it, but in this I was mistaken. One day a strange dog, an immense brute made his appearance and attacked the house dog, who was evidently getting the worst of it, when who should come to the rescue but the hog, who fiercely jumped on the stranger dog's back, assailing him at the same time with head and tooth. Placed thus between two fires, the stranger beat a speedy retreat, leaving the friends complete masters of the situation.—

ROMAINE

---

GREEK AND ROMAN WINES.—The Greeks and Romans were masters in vinification, judging from the fact that wines were produced of such strength that they required to be diluted with 24 parts of water We find a mixture made by Petronius to a wine which had reached 100 years in the greatest of conditions and the consistence of congealed honey. Of course, in this state it could hardly be considered drinkable, and so Pliny describes how it was diluted with hot water and afterward passed through a strainer. But it was not merely honey that the Romans and Greeks mixed with their wines. To render these grateful and palatable to the epicures of the period, teas, tincture of tar, bitter almonds, dried figs thyme, and myrtle leaves were added, and a preparation of sea water was thought to be a needed improvement. Is it surprising considering this ancient mode of treating wine, that gastric maladies were common with Greeks and Romans, or that Julius Cæsar was invariably taken ill when rising from table?

---

To live long it is necessary to live slowly.

## ABOUT THE SHOE

AS a popular object of superstition, the shoe has had an eventful history since the earliest period. Antiquaries are still however, undecided as to why our forefathers invested this matter of fact article of dress with such mysterious qualities, even selecting it as the symbol of good luck. Anyhow, many curious superstitions have clustered round it, as we shall see in the present paper.

In the first place, then, one of the best known uses in which the shoe has been employed is the throwing of it for luck, constant allusions to which we find in the old writers Instances without number of this superstition might be quoted, so prevalent an article of faith was it in days gone by and in places the custom has not died out yet.

As an emblem of good luck and property, an old shoe is in many places thrown with much enthusiasm at a bridal couple Various explanations however have been assigned for this popular custom. Some think it was originally intended as a sham assault on the bridegroom for his carrying off the bride, and hence is a survival of the old ceremony of opposition to the capture of a bride. Others, again, consider that the shoe was, in former times a symbol of renunciation of dominion and authority over her by her father or guardian; and the receipt of the shoe by the bridegroom, even if accidental, was an omen that the authority was transferred to him. Thus, in the Bible the receiving of a shoe was an evidence and a symbol of asserting or accepting dominion or ownership, the giving back the shoe the symbol of rejecting or resigning it.

Throwing an old shoe after a wedded pair was also no doubt intended, we are told, as an augury of long life to the bride. In some parts the manner of shoe-throwing is somewhat curious. It appears that after the departure of the bride and bridegroom the single ladies are drawn up in one row and the bachelors in another When thus arranged, an old shoe is thrown as far as possible, which the ladies run for, the winner being supposed to have the first chance of marriage She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, when the first who gets it is believed to have the same chance of matrimony

In places in England the bride and bridegroom strew dirt and salt in their shoes, as a protection against witchcraft. Among the Peruvians it was formerly customary, when a man wished to marry, to go to the lady's house, and when, with her father's consent, she put on her foot a particular kind of shoe, in token he led her to his home If she had never been married before, the shoe was of wool; if a widow, it was of rush

Many auguries are still gathered from shoes. Girls use their shoes as a means of divining who their future husbands are to be. At night, on going to bed, a girl places her shoes at right angles to one another, in the form of a T, repeating the following rayme:

> Hoping this night my true love to see,
> I place my shoes in the form of a T.

Among the various charms in which the shoe has been found highly efficacious, may be mentioned one where the peasantry to cure cramps are in the habit of laying their shoes across to avert it. A cure for ague consists in wearing a leaf of tansy in one of the shoes.

Again, great importance is attached by many superstitious persons as to which shoe they put on first. An old writer, speaking of the customs of Jews, says: Some of them observe in dressing themselves in the morning to put on the right stocking and right shoe first without tying the latter, then afterwards to put on the left and so return to the right; that so they may begin and end with the right side which they account to be the most fortunate. To put on the left shoe before the right is considered an ill omen, the sign of evil to come, and dogs grow respecting the wearing of shoes touches on the following:

> Trip at the toe: live to see woe;
> Wear at the side: live to be a bride;
> Wear at the ball: live to spend all;
> Wear at the heel: live to save a deal.

Curious to say the shoe has even entered into the superstitions associated with death According to an old tradition, the greater part of the way from the land of the living to that of death lay through morasses and dark moors overgrown with furze and thorns That the dead might not pass over them barefoot a pair of shoes was laid with them in the grave.

---

A cit is said to a young man who visited his daughter that he couldn't afford to have so much wood burned in the parlor stove evenings; the young man must come less often, or quit earlier, or furnish his own wood. Next day two cords of nice hard wood were purchased by the young man and piled in the cit's yard with a big sign over the pile reading, "For use nights only" That young man means business.

## OF EARTHQUAKES.

THERE is no age of the world and no quarter of it that has not been visited by earthquakes Zechariah tells the Jews in his prophecies how they fled from before the earthquake in the days of Uzziah King of Judah Another earthquake is accurately described as taking place at the Crucifixion

In Asia Minor history records several earthquakes Take Antioch where St. Paul preached In the year 115 it was thoroughly overwhelmed but the inhabitants of the country returned to its ruins and it was left in peace for more than seven hundred years; but in 859 hundreds of inhabitants were killed, and one thousand houses were thrown down In 1158 Antioch and the range of coast as far as Damascus were thrown down and twenty thousand inhabitants were killed In Asia Minor twelve cities were destroyed in the year 17 A D In one part of Italy in 1638 one hundred and eighty towns and villages were demolished, and in little more than a century, the same region sank twenty nine feet without injuring any of the buildings, the earth opened two hundred feet in depth and five hundred feet in length. Some twenty years afterwards it was again visited and twenty thousand inhabitants were killed

In the 10th century there was a general earthquake throughout England; in the 12th there were twelve; in the 13th, thirteen; in the 15th one only; in the 17th, twenty; but in the 18th century, from 1700 to 1800 no fewer than eighty four! In this century also Adrianople was destroyed; Algiers lost eighteen thousand persons Grand Cairo lost two thirds of its houses and forty thousand lives; the whole kingdom of Quito was shaken, and St. Iago 'swallowed up;' St. Domingo was terribly convulsed; Guatemala lost six thousand persons by earthquake; Ireland was visited by a severe shaking, destroying five churches and one hundred houses, Jeddo in Japan had ten thousand inhabitants killed; Lima lost seventy four churches, fourteen monasteries fifteen hospitals, the city and five thousand inhabitants, the great earthquake of Lisbon swallowed up, in about eight minutes whole streets, thirty thousand inhabitants quays, prisons, and hospitals! This earthquake extended it is said for five thousand miles; St. Ubes was swallowed up Coimbra and Braga suffered at Faro three thousand inhabitants were buried, Malaga was destroyed; passing under the Straits of Gibraltar it entered Morocco, throwing down one half of Fez and killing twelve thousand Arabs, at the Azores the island was divided in two, and ten thousand inhabitants were carried away St Lucia in the West Indies had nine hundred persons killed; Mytilene in the Grecian Archipelago was almost annihilated; Naples was severely visited, hence lost one hundred inhabitants: Peru had Callao overwhelmed, with five thousand of its inhabitants; Quito was destroyed, Bismarck lost three hundred inhabitants; Theria in Persia had fifteen hundred houses thrown down and the greater part of its inhabitants swallowed up, in Turkey three towns were overwhelmed and ten thousand of its inhabitants were lost in Tripoli, in Syria, an earthquake extended over ten thousand miles, Damascus lost six thousand inhabitants, the ruins of Baalbec were thrown down, and other buildings destroyed. Toxillo in Peru was swallowed up; Tuscany shattered, and one hundred and fifty houses were swallowed by the earth, and Zante in the Adriatic in 1781 was terribly shaken and above sixty people killed! And these are in one hundred years. Truly the 18th was a curious century.

---

QUEER FUNERAL CUSTOMS.—Among the most interesting of the customs in country parts of Italy, are those which relate to the dead At a general rule cigars, before going to bed rake together the embers on the hearth, and cover them up with cinders But on the eve of the Day of the Dead not a spark is allowed to remain fire being the symbol of life In many places the remains of that night's supper are not cleared away, but are left to be distributed as alms next morning But a meal is served at night for the special use of the dead During the darkness the souls of the departed are supposed to flock to the table In the morning the food is given to the poor Similar banquets are still, it is said, offered to the dead in Russia But they are there ultimately enjoyed by the living who have provided them The first person who enters the church at midnight, holding a taper in his hand, is believed to obtain the privilege of freeing a soul from purgatory The dead are supposed to reveal themselves in a basin of water flanked by two candles. The seer is generally an old woman who holds a taper in her left hand and a linen cloth in her right, and who places her neck in the curve of a wooden pitchfork the handle of which rests on the ground Thus poised she sees the departed

---

It is a malevolent female who will mark another woman's name and date some thirty four years back on a turtle's shell and then let the reptile go

# Our Young Folks.

## A BUNCH OF CHERRIES.

BY HENRY DOYLE

TEN YEAR OLD Sigmund Wentz was not ill-natured from the majority of boys of his age, so that it is no libel to say that he was a trifle—perhaps a large trifle—lazy. Still it often depended on what shape the request for labor took. He found that he was ill-disposed to offer objections if it was to go swimming than to help his father in the fields or even go to school.

He hardly seemed to mind tiring himself half to death chasing butterflies of afternoons, but his mother never asked to bring a bucket of water from the well, but he did not lament the circumstance that had made him a farmer's son.

"I wish I was a king or great lord," he often sighed as he lay in the soft shaded grass of the orchard, watching the clouds float above him. "Then I'd never have to bring water or hind wheat. I'd have scores of servants for everything, and would do nothing all day but think."

It never occurred to Sigmund's, anymore than it does not to some older heads that the very hardest labor in the world is to do nothing at all.

Perhaps this habit he had of loafing so much beneath the trees was of great harm to him. He was never too active in anything he did, the earlier in the day, going on errands or following the reapers was not altogether unendurable. But, after spending an hour or two in his favorite knoll in the orchard, it was agony almost to think of moving.

His torture then may be imagined when one noon—the very hottest, it still to him he had ever known—he heard his mother calling him. He had just had his dinner, and had lain down in the soft, cool orchard grass. His eyes began to gently close in most luxurious sense of slumber. Indeed, when he first heard his name, it was so dim that he awoke from his half sleep with a sudden, frightened start. It was no dream, however. He not only heard her, but looking through the palings, saw his mother standing at the kitchen door.

"I've a good mind to run away and be a pirate,' mutters Sigmund to himself as he rose grumbling from his delicious couch and proceeded at a snail's pace towards the house.

He had hardly gone through the gate however, when he caught sight of his father, arrayed in his best clothes, looking out at him from the window of the little sitting room. Whether it was the holiday apparel, or something in the expression of his eye, that wrought the change it would be hard to say, but with an effort Sigmund hastened his steps, and straightway cast the piratical frown he had given his eyebrows.

"Your father is going to take you to town with him, my son," said Mrs. Wentz, as soon as the boy came within speaking distance, "So hurry and change your clothes."

At another time perhaps, he would have nearly broken his neck and imperilled the furniture trying to get up to his room, but the iron of disappointment had entered his soul, and the urgent need passed from his face the longing to be a desperate pirate or something else terrible still was in his heart. So his feet clung like lead as they slowly dragged from one step to the other.

"Sigmund! Are you not ready yet?"

It was his father's voice and there was a seriousness in the accent that sounded very business like. A better father than he was no boy could wish for, but he was quite familiar with his son's weakness and acted accordingly. Sigmund could do as he wished a most wise and good tender hearted mother, while an attempt to carry the day with his father perversely ended in disaster.

This notice was still fresh. In a few minutes, and with such haste that he forgot to hasten the distance by tumbling down the stairs, Sigmund stood by his father's side arrayed for the journey.

The town was not over half an hour's walk, so Mr. Wentz thought it hardly worth while to take the horse. This decision aggravated Sigmund's misery ten fold. The idea of riding was bad enough, but to walk under the roasting sun along the dusty road! The prospect was awful!

However, there was no help for it, and with his resolution to become a pirate stronger than ever, he followed his father towards the town. If the present had seemed so bad to Sigmund, the reality was worse. Between his temper, which was boiling over, yet could not escape, and the hot, dusty walk, he soon fell into such a state of feeling that he resolved his existence as a bold buccaneer should begin the very next day.

Usually on these walks, Sigmund had plied his father with all sorts of questions about what they saw, and thus they had not only been short, but agreeable. Now, though, he paddled behind him never opening his mouth, and he thought the distance would never come to an end.

The spire of the village church had appeared in sight when Mr. Wentz suddenly stopped, looking towards the middle of the road. After a moment's pause he turned towards Sigmund saying:

"I see a penny lying in the road there, Sigmund. Pick it up and buy something with it when we get to the village."

Now at any other time, Sigmund would have taken it up with alacrity but his being robbed of his sweet rest in the orchard had so soured him, that he barely knew either what he said or did. So he replied—though he did not dare show the suddenness which prompted the answer:

"I don't want it father. I don't think a penny is worth stooping for such a hot day as this."

"You don't, eh?" said the father with a quiet smile. "Well, perhaps not; but it may as well be saved for all that. So if you don't, I will," and picking it up accordingly he put it in his pocket.

They reached the village and Mr. Wentz transacted his business, which was connected with Sigmund's schooling the coming winter—and set out on their return. As they passed by a fruit store, Mr. Wentz entered, remarking:

"Now, Sigmund, I will show you the value of that penny you thought wasn't worth stooping for."

He purchased a penny's worth of cherries—a fine large bunch—and it seemed to Sigmund that he had never seen such beautiful luscious ones in all his life. His mouth so longed for them that he could hardly wait till they got outside to taste them. But to his surprise and grief, his father walked on and never offered him a single cherry. This, coupled with his aggravating way of putting one occasionally in his own mouth and twirling the stem, as though prolonging the delicious taste, so worked on him that Sigmund felt if he were now the pirate he was to be, all parental considerations set aside, his father should be his first victim.

By and by, however a cherry accidentally, as it seemed, dropped from the bunch in his father's hand. Sigmund pounced upon it greedily almost going head over heels in stooping to catch the crimson treasure. Never had a cherry tasted so deliciously, and the first taste gave him such a longing for more, that he gazed upon the rest of the bunch in a fit of frenzy.

They still kept on and soon as before, another fell from the bunch and was treated in like manner by the rapacious Sigmund. Then another and another all, no matter where they rolled, being reached for and voraciously eaten. Just as they arrived home the bunch gave out and Sigmund felt that he had never, in all his days, so enjoyed a feast of cherries.

When they were in the house and had rested from the journey, Mr. Wentz spoke to his wife of the incident of the penny. Then turning to his son he continued:

"Now do you see, my boy, what a little trouble in the right place will do. If you had stooped to pick up the penny at first, you would not have had to bend a hundred times for cherries on the way home. The penny would have been your own, and you could have bought your own cherries and enjoyed them with no stooping for them a hundred times over."

"Yes; but, father, I didn't mind stooping for them. They were so good."

"Very likely, and from that fact learn this: That if we try to be interested in our work, instead of it's being a pain, it will be a pleasure to us."

Sigmund thought over all this, and saw clearly where he had made a mistake and what his father meant. So, afterwards, he forgot all about being a pirate, and tried in every way to shake off his old lasiness. He partially succeeded, and though he still had to be in the orchard, he never forgot the good lesson of the bunch of cherries.

---

A gentleman returning from abroad, brought a very handsome and expensive shawl for his wife. It cost a large sum, and he was desirous of avoiding the disagreeable necessity of paying more in the shape of customs duty. On board the vessel was an exceedingly attractive lady, to whom, when they were in sight of land, he confided his dilemma. "Why my dear sir," she said, naively, "that is no dilemma at all. I will wear the shawl ashore and then no questions will be asked." The gentleman paid a glowing tribute to the wonderful fertility of the feminine mind, and accepted the offer. The shawl graced the lady's shoulders, and was certainly very becoming. The trunks were examined and passed, and then the gentleman saluted the lady, spoke of the pleasure he had enjoyed in her company, hoped they would have the pleasure of crossing the ocean together again, and then asked for the shawl. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but what shawl do you refer to?" He naturally answered, "Why, the one you have on to be sure." "And why should I give you my shawl?" she inquired. In a word the dialogue waxed so warm that she had to threaten to call a policeman unless he desisted, and since he could not legally claim the shawl without convicting himself of a deliberate attempt to swindle the government, he was compelled to leave with the fair stranger the present which he had intended for his wife.

---

A striking situation—The attitude of a prize-fighter.

## A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN

THE night was closing in dark and stormy as a stranger, mounted on a small, pony like horse entered the wood through which the main road to the town of Bolivar lay for several miles before it branched off upon the river bank. He had stopped at the tavern some distance back for several hours, which delay he now regretted as he heard the fitful wailings of the wind through the tree tops and felt in the heaviness of the atmosphere an indication of a coming storm. But it was necessary that he should reach Bolivar that night; much depended upon his promptness in reaching the village before the fury of the storm should be such as to impede his progress. Strapping a valise which he carried more firmly upon his saddle bow he urged his jaded horse into a painful trot and plunged into the forest, the darkness increasing visibly with the sudden transition.

The person who journeyed thus was the agent of a wealthy landholder in an eastern city, and was now bound upon an expedition of important business for his principal. In the valise on the saddle were stowed away ten thousand dollars in bank bills, to be expended in the purchase of lands in the neighborhood, from parties residing in Bolivar.

As he continued on his way, there suddenly flashed across his mind a thought of impending danger. In the hurry of his departure from the inn, he had not regarded it before, but now it suddenly rose before his imagination, clad in the aspect of a formidable danger. His thoughts reverted to the little parlor of the inn, where he had been seated an hour before, waiting for his supper, which his hunger demanded ere he proceeded on his journey. As he sat by the round table, he had unlocked his valise, and taking the bundles of bank notes from it, he had proceeded to count them over that he might be sure that all was safe. As his fingers threw them rapidly over and his voice uttered their numbers in a low tone, he was interrupted by the creaking of the door. Turning hastily he saw the head and shoulders of a man thrust into the room, his eyes fixed with a greedy expression upon the money, and dilated to their full extent, while the sullen expression of his features was changed for a moment into a look of savage delight. But as the agent bent his eyes upon him, he muttered in a gruff apologetic tone something about the "wrong room," and shrunk away, closing the door after him.

The agent had thought no more of this circumstance until the present moment; but now, as his mind lost much of the feverish excitement which he had experienced during the last two days, it seemed pregnant with evil. The face of the intruder was one to remember for a lifetime—a face overspread with the marks of evil passions.

Filled with apprehension at his thoughts, the agent endeavored to force his horse into a gallop but few paces of effort convinced him that he was completely exhausted, therefore he was compelled to make his way slowly toward Bolivar, regretting that he had left the inn at all before morning, as the storm now raged furiously.

Perhaps ten minutes after the agent had entered the forest a man paused at its entrance and bent down to examine the tracks which had lately been made. He followed them carefully for a few rods to note that they kept the main path and then retracing his steps stood again outside the forest. He looked doubtingly upon either hand, and after considering for a few moments traced the edge of the woods carefully upon the left of the path, saying:

"I should know this place although it's ten years since I was here last. But these woods haven't altered any, and if they don't cut down the trees, then the paths will be all the same they were then. But I must hurry; I haven't followed this agent over so much ground to lose him after all. He's got a heap of money—there must be five or six thousand, at least, in that satchel of his, that he's so careful of. If he'll give me that—why then he can go—if not—"

The man here drew a pistol from beneath his coat, and placing a cap on the nipple, replaced it and continued his search.

"Curious where that other path is. If I thought he had missed it I might dive straight through the bush and run the risk of losing myself and the bird too, but that won't do. This here looks like it, these two big tracks with the bark peeled in a ring—yes, this is the one. Now for making up for lost time." And he rose to his feet and darted swiftly through the woods his hand placed upon the butt of his pistol and his eyes fixed on the vista before him.

The agent had pursued his way amid the storm which had now somewhat abated, and, as he calculated, was about mid way between the inn where he had stopped and his destination. He felt somewhat more assured as the first half of the way was passed without the happening of anything ill, and congratulated himself three miles more would end his journey. He was passing a large oak tree which he saw by a flash of lightning a moment before marked the crossing of two paths, when suddenly his horse reared violently and refused to proceed. He attempted to sooth and encourage him in vain, the next flash which lighted up the scene, showed him to his horror and dismay, the figure of a man in front of his horse, holding him by the bridle while with his right hand he presented a pistol at his own head.

"No words," said the man; "give me that satchel and you may go—refuse and your life isn't worth a minute of time!"

The voice was the same he had heard at the inn!

"But you don't wish to rob me," said the agent. "This money is neither mine nor yours, and—"

"I tell you, no words! Whether it's mine or not, I'm determined to have it; so give it up quick, or you die without mercy!"

"Never!" said the faithful agent. "I will defend it with my life!" And he drew the knife from his belt, but before he could strike the robber, the latter had discharged his pistol, and the agent fell heavily from his saddle, dead ere he touched the ground!

His horse snorted wildly as the report of the pistol was heard, and breaking from the grasp of the murderer, fled wildly back toward the inn.

"That's bad," said the man, as he gazed after him. "I meant to get away from here on his back. And here——'his fool forced me to it," he added, as he turned his gaze upon the form of the dead agent. He turned the body over to examine the features, but there was no life in the look that rested on them.

"Dead as a nail," he uttered briefly, as he bent down to search the body. But where was the valise?

He had seen it but a moment before—the dead man had perhaps thrown it from him as he fell—a little search would find it.

The murderer beat among the bushes and underbrush, but the valise could not be found. Where was it when he saw it? Of a sudden he remembered—it was strapped to the saddle! And now his fearful crime had been in vain—the horse had borne it away with him, and thus deprived him of the fruits of his murder! Rage and the baffled frenzy for gold overmastered the murderer's prudence, and with deep curses at luck, he hastily followed the horse who had only just disappeared in a turn in the path.

But he could not overtake the frightened animal. Nevertheless he pursued his way along the path until he had cleared the woods, and then sat down to rest his tired limbs. He was almost maddened by his failure, and in his desperation he would have followed the horse still further, but that he feared to meet the men of the inn. Swallowing his rage as best he might, he turned and walked leisurely back toward the scene of his crime; intent only on burying the body and making his way as speedily as possible from the locality. He had traversed perhaps half of the distance when his ear caught the sound of distant shouts. Intent upon escaping before he should be seen by those whom he knew had become alarmed by the return of the agent's horse, he started upon a fleet run. But he was destined to come to a speedy retribution, he reached the place of the murder only to fall into the hands of a party which had come by a shorter path in their scouring for the agent. Furiously he struggled for a while, but his struggles were all in vain; he was overpowered, and in a few moments the other party came up. To their consternation they beheld the body of the agent lying upon the ground. The life of the murderer was freely demanded by the excited crowd.

"Stay! hold a moment! I think I know him."

He advanced to him as he spoke, and after examining his face said "It is Bill Larkin!"

A general shout of surprise and horror went up at this announcement. William Larkin had been born and reared in the neighborhood, and had fled ten years before after committing a robbery in this very forest!

Forest justice is speedy. The murderer was in the hands of backwoodsmen, and before them lay the fearful evidence of his guilt. A rope was noosed around his neck and passed over the lowest bough of the oak, and three sturdy men grasped it, ready to draw up the murderer at a signal. The innkeeper stood forth and addressed him in a few words.

"William Larkin, have you aught to say why you should not be hung for your awful crime? You have taken the life of a fellow-creature, unprovokedly; what have you to say in defence of your wickedness?"

"Nothing—I would do it again if I had the chance!"

"Haul him up!" shouted the innkeeper.

The rope was drawn, and Larkin was struggling in the air. For a moment his limbs twitched in convulsive agony but his struggles soon ceased and his offence was expiated.

There was something terrible in that expiation. There, upon the very spot where his victim had fell, his blackened corse was left to swing upon the branch of the oak, until nothing should remain of his body to tell the passer by of the fearful offence for which he had suffered death by the stern code of the lynchers in the lonely forest path.

### IN THE MIRROR.

BY A. Y. R.

What are they doing up yonder,
Those two in the concave glass?
We speak, we smile, I watch you know,
The dusky light in your dark eyes glow,
I hear the ring in each word you say,
If the tone be mocking, or soft, or gay;
But those two, our shadows, they sit up there,
The tiny, defined, bright miniature pair;
They never alter, unless the flash
Of firelight leaps from the hoary ash,
Athwart their rest to pass.

Who has sate there before us?
When these faded tapestries shone,
Bright from the dead hands patient toil
(May Christ the parted souls assoil.)
When the storied panes glowed fresh and rich,
Now set in yon window's carven niche,
And the knightly heads and the golden curls,
Of the old past, peopled with boys and girls,
Gleamed there in the days long gone.

Well, they are asleep with their shadows,
We live, love, and say it, mine own;
Will you give me your little hand to hold?
Will you let me try it, this hoop of gold?
Will you smile, sweet eyes, and soft red lips?
Will you seal, in the hearth-light's warm eclipse
The lover's pledge, and the lover's vow?
See, what a pretty picture now
On the mirror's face is shown?

### ANCIENT ATHLETICS.

WHEN the eleventh day of the sacred month drew near nothing was thought of but the athletic contest of Olympia. Such light refreshment of food and drink as would support an abstemious Greek, was carried with him. No hats were allowed; every man must appear bareheaded. At every skilful blow of a boxer, at every cunning throw of a wrestler, a tempest of cheers rent the air.

The foot-races all took place on the stadium. They were in number four. There was the single course, wherein the competitors ran about two hundred yards; the double course, the long race, and the armed race, in which each competitor had to carry on his left arm a shield. We know from vases the attitude of the runners. Those who were running a long distance clenched their fists and held their arms close to their sides like our runners. But those who were contending in the short and in the armed race swung their arms with violence backward and forward at each stride, or rather each spring, propelling themselves with their arms almost as much as with their legs.

Next to the running came the pentathlum, which was, of all the contests, the most complicated. It comprised no less than five distinct competions. First came leaping. The leaper held weights like our dumb-bells in his hands. He probably leaped while standing. Certain writers say that fifty feet was sometimes covered. Next came the hurling of discus and spear. The discus weighed about twelve pounds. It was round and flat, and a skilful athlete, by putting all his weight into the throw would sometimes hurl it a hundred feet. The spear was thrown either with the hand or by means of a strap attached to it. Then came running and wrestling. Thus it was necessary that the athlete who entered for the pentathlum should be skilled in many forms of exercise; and those who were distinguished in it were the most beautiful and accomplished men of Greece.

The horse-races at Olympia were very numerous. First in honor and importance was the race of four horse chariots, wherein the kings and despots and the wealthiest of Greek nobles thought it an honor to be successful. The family which secured a victory in the chariot-race at once acquired certain standing, and was looked up to even in the most democratic cities. Yet this victory must have rested a great degree with fortune. As all the chariots had to turn round a pillar at the end of the course collisions between them were excessively common.

Besides the race of four-horse chariots there was a race of pair-horse chariots of mule-chariots, of colts, and other chariots. Horses were also run out of harness.

To the equestrian contests succeeded wrestling, boxing, and the pancratium. The wrestling of the Greeks was as full of tricks and feints as that of modern times. As the Greeks wrestled quite naked, and rubbed themselves with oil before entering the lists, it must have been no easy matter to get a hold. Victory was bought with three throws. The Greek boxers wound about their hands a strip of raw ox hide, which seems to have been intended partly to protect the hand, and partly to moderate the force of blows, like our boxing-gloves. Certainly at its introduction it was not meant to inflict a cruel wound; the nail-studded glove was unknown to the Greeks in early times. Peculiar to the Greeks was the pancratium, a mixture of boxing and wrestling—a cruel combat, continued whether standing or on the ground, until one of the contending athletes acknowledged himself defeated. In these, competitors were drawn in pairs from names thrown into an urn.

When the toils and agonies of the Olympic contests were over, there followed the rewards of the victors. From the sacred olive-tree given to Greece by the goddess Minerva, several branches, as many indeed as there were contests, were cut with a golden knife by a boy specially selected, both of whose parents must still be alive. Of each of these branches a wreath was made, and these wreaths were placed upon a brazen tripod in full view of the people. On the fifteenth day of the contest, the fifteenth of the sacred month, a solemn assembly was held, and the victors came up in order to receive their prizes. They wound woolen fillets around their heads, and over the fillets one of the judges placed the wreath, while another probably handed a palm. At the same moment a herald announced in loud tones the name, the city of the athlete who was being crowned, together with the contest in which he had been victorious. On every announcement followed a burst of acclamation, and not the victor alone, but all his friends and relatives felt a thrill of pride and delight, which extended to all the spectators who could boast of being born in the same city.

Then followed a round of feasting and sacrifices. The poets were called in to write odes in honor of the victors and their ancestors. Sculptors were called in to execute portraits of them in bronze and marble, for the study of all future generations. As they moved about, distinguished by the fillets they wore and their palms, they were ever the centres of admiring crowds, and followed by the eyes of all.

What became of the vanquished? Of them we hear but little. We may fear that they often incurred undeserved hissing and ridicule; certainly they retired from the scene of contest, or hid themselves in the throng and tried to escape notice.

Soon Olympia began to empty. In groups and parties as they had come, the spectators dispersed. Only those who knew any of the victors formed a cortege about him, in order to lead him home in solemn procession. Traveling, they beguiled their way in song and merrymaking; and as they approached their native city they began to prepare for a splendid reception. In the city the success of the athlete had been already announced, and this approach was expected. It was a white day; no work was done, but all the population crowded out to welcome him who had brought it into such honor. According to ancient usage, a part of the city wall was thrown down in order that the hero might have a way not made vulgar by other footsteps. And so he entered to the notes of a triumphal song, sung by the noblest born of the city, passing over a path strewn with flowers toward the house of his father. Nor did the honors even then cease; ever after the hero was a man to be followed and respected. The proudest and wealthiest houses sought an alliance with him in marriage, his voice was listened to with respect in council, and in war the place of greatest honor and danger was specially reserved for him.

The great physician, Galen, sets his face against athletic training, though he of course thinks highly of bodily exercises. He declares the state of health of professional athletes to be most deceptive and precarious, and their strength to be of no use for any sound and practical purpose.

## Grains of Gold.

Most men know what they hate, few what they love.

It is our own vanity that makes the vanity of others intolerable.

It is better not to dispute where there is no possibility of convincing.

Stay not till you are told of opportunities to do good—inquire after them.

Advice is seldom welcome; and those who need it the most like it the least.

He that cannot forgive others breaks the bridge over which he must eventually pass himself.

When we are out of sympathy with the young, then our work in this world is practically over.

An ounce of keep your mouth shut is better than a pound of explanation after you have said it.

You may gather a rich harvest of knowledge by reading, but thought is the winnowing machine.

The gain of lying is nothing else but not to be trusted of any, nor to be believed when we speak the truth.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh.

What are the aims which are at the same time duties? The perfecting of ourselves and the happiness of others.

A man of sense finds less difficulty in submitting to a blockheaded fellow than in attempting to set him right.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all—that of pleasing—requires only the desire.

There is hardly a year in any man's life in which a small sum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage.

The chief properties of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come.

Would you punish the spiteful—show him that you are above his malice. The dart he throws will rebound and pierce him to the heart.

Spare the feelings of your friends. Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates.

Swift used to say that the people of his generation had imbibed just enough religion to hate, but not near enough to love, one another.

So much are we the slaves of the world that we sometimes hesitate to do an action which is prompted by the heart, fearful that it may be mistaken by others for folly.

The law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act, and you reap a habit; sow a habit, and you reap a character; sow a character, and you reap a destiny.

Irresolution is a fatal habit; it is not vice in itself, but it leads to vice, creeping upon its victims with a fatality like penalty of which many a fine heart has paid at the scaffold.

Humanity is the particular characteristic of great minds; little, vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the exalted pleasure of forgiving their enemies.

If we lived as we ought to live, and as we might live, a power would go out from us that would make every day a lyric sermon that should be seen and felt by an ever-enlarging audience.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything within your power which you know is right.

In cases of doubtful morality, it is usual to say: "Is there any harm in doing this?" This question may sometimes be best answered by asking ourselves another: "Is there any harm in letting it alone?"

The work which God has given me to do is to amend whatever is amiss in my natural disposition,—that is what he would have me do; correct my faults, sanctify my thoughts and desires, become more patient, more meek and lowly of heart.

A fool, says an Arab proverb, may be known by six things—anger without cause, speech without profit, change without motive, inquiry without object, putting trust in a stranger, and not knowing his friends from his foes.

Making people happy is neither a small nor an unimportant business. As I regard good nature as one of the richest fruits of true Christianity, so I regard the making of people around us happy, as one of the best manifestations of that Christian disposition which we are commanded to wear as a garment.

## Feminimities.

New veils have chenille dots.

The new dark red is called Gil Blas.

Old gold color is superseded by maize yellow.

Short, full aprons are seen on the new dresses.

The greatest merit of many husbands is their wives.

A lady need not necessarily be athletic to jump at an offer.

There are ostrich plumes of the most delicate seashell pink.

Steel crescents are used to hold the drapery of new costumes.

A polite Ohio man doffed his hat in talking with a lady by telephone.

For opera, small bonnets are wholly of flowers in different shades.

The coming spring bonnet will outshine all the millinery of past ages.

One of the pretty new opera bonnets is literally a wreath of buttercups.

There are violet and rosebud bonnets surmounted by pompons and buds.

In woolen dress goods solid colors will be preferred to shades or mixtures.

The inventor of the submarine telescope, a woman, has received $10 000 for her invention.

Fearless gentleness is the most beautiful of feminine attractions, born of modesty and love.

Western girls who elope prefer their father's hired men unless they can find dry goods drummers.

Art needlework societies in smaller towns produce more artistic embroideries than those in large towns.

Many belles are now wearing as an ornament a little spider web, in which is entangled the tiniest of flies.

Tight lacing and light shoes will destroy the most radiant beauty faster than opium, hasheesh, or absinthe.

On the Russian railways ladies who object to smoking must not think of getting into cars reserved for their sex.

"It is only after long reflection that I go to an entertainment with any young man," said the maiden to her mirror.

A Michigan convinced a jury that he had lost his wife's affection through false representations by her father, and got $1 500.

We are sorry, but we are obliged to classify painting a pretty girl's cheeks as "fraudulent coloring of sugar," and call for a test.

A chap who was told by a minister to remember Lot's wife, replied that he "had trouble enough with his own without remembering other men's wives."

At one of the carnival balls in Vienna a quadrille was brought to a sudden stop by one of the dancers who, two minutes afterward, was the mother of twins.

It would be well for a young wife who is her own housekeeper to have a little book always at hand, wherein to dot down any little gleanings of knowledge which may fall in her way.

The greatest blunder a woman can make with her lover is to speak too well of him to himself. That makes him vain, and, sooner or later, he abuses the power which he thinks he has acquired.

Among the curiosities at an exhibition in Washington, two are furnished by a soldier, who captured them from the Sioux. One is a white lady's scalp, and the other is a necklace of human fingers.

One of the most beautiful models in Paris is a young woman who comes from the blue grass region of Kentucky. She was deserted by her husband abroad, and she now supports here if by posing.

No girl is fit to be married until she is thoroughly acquainted with the mysteries of the culinary art, even if she is not called upon to practice them. The torch of wedded love is kindled by the kitchen fire.

There some economical girls in New Jersey. For a social entertainment the other evening a young lady chose to be a shepherdess, because, she said, she could afterwards use the crook for a clothes pole.

"Well, I just want you to understand that if the Lord keeps on taking them I will too," was the reply with which a lady met her pastor's rebuke on entering into holy matrimony with No 5 so very soon after No. 4 had been placed in his coffin.

She asked the clerk if he was positive—thoroughly convinced the eggs were fresh. "Oh, yes," said the young philosopher, "I know they are; why the farmer said that none of his hens were more than a year old." She bought a basketful on the spot.

Ida Lewis, of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, Newport, R. I., whose many heroic and successful efforts to save human lives are known throughout the land, was presented recently with the silver medal of the Massachusetts Humane Society.

A young and charming widow with a fortune of $30 000 was received into the best society of an Ohio town. She was married to the Treasurer of the county. Two weeks after the wedding she was arrested for the murder of her first husband, whose father had for two years kept detectives at work on the case, and had at last discovered testimony clearly implicating her.

A Wisconsin girl and a Canadian youth were principals in a "mock" marriage the other day, which to their amazement the Courts now decide to have been legal, and the reluctant couple are pronounced man and wife. A divorce is sought by the parents of the bride; although, as she is a pretty girl and her father has money, the young man says he is willing to have it remain so.

Says a lady writer: Looking into a mirror is a good thing to do; and don't you believe those who tell you it leads to vanity. Rather is it a sign of vanity to despise the mirror, for that indicates satisfaction with yourself. Study your facial expressions carefully, improve them when possible, and avoid those which are unbecoming. Not half the woman know how to smile prettily, leaving out those who couldn't if they tried. An hour a day may be profitably spent before the glass.

## News Notes.

Australia is overrun by rabbits.

There is talk of sending American beef to Paris.

Silver Bow is the name of a new Montana county.

The "Policeman" is the title of a new London weekly.

There is a threatened revival of hoeless slippers for dancing.

A locomotive drinks 45 gallons of water every mile it travels.

Out of every 100 inhabitants of the United States 18 live in cities.

The late Sec. for Carpenter's life was insured for about $50 000.

The State of Massachusetts forbids pigeon shooting within its borders.

The Smithsonian Institute has been presented with a petrified baby.

The Bank of England covers five acres of ground and employs 900 clerks.

To peel fruit easily, pour boiling water over it, and this loosens the skin.

Consumption kills more people annually than all other diseases combined.

A New York Alderman badly bit a man's finger, in a bar room, the other night.

A boy in Montreal, eight years old, has grieved to death at the loss of his mother.

An insurance company has been formed in Prussia to insure against loss of hogs by trichinæ.

"Lace albums" are the latest. The leaves are of satin, so as the better to display the pattern of lace.

Not a single copy of the New Testament of an earlier date than the fourth century is now extant.

The strongest man in Connecticut is dead. He could hold 630 pounds suspended from his little finger.

An Ohio blacksmith undertook to drink 100 glasses of whisky on a wager. The seventy-second killed him.

The stamp duty of six cents per pack was paid on 1 094 818 packs of playing cards in England last year.

Mumps are epidemic in the Indiana Southern Penitentiary. Thirty convicts are afflicted with them.

A black walnut tree, which grew in Wisconsin, brought twelve hundred dollars when made into gun-stocks.

The other day a goat licked off $170 worth of revenue stamps from whisky barrels stored in an Indiana distillery.

Nevada has a man who can speak five dialects of the Chinese language. It took him fifteen years to learn them.

There are 1 700 beer saloons in St. Louis, which sell enough beer in a day to make a monument of kegs 1 220 feet high.

It is said that 87 per cent of the American emigrants who have recently arrived in Mexico, are professional gamblers.

And now it is said there were no apples in Switzerland at the time it is supposed William Tell lived and did his shooting.

An Englishman took home from Canada some potato bugs as a curiosity, and has just been fined $25 for letting some of the pests escape.

Texas has a law, now about to be repealed, requiring every railroad train to stop for five minutes on arriving at the boundary line of the State.

Young Brown could not lift one end of a heavy timber in an Ohio town, and his father, aged 70, showed him how to do it, but killed himself in so doing.

One copy of a printed postal card sent out the other day, and containing the description of a missing man, was addressed: "Chief of Police, Fall River, Mass."

The total number of periodicals published in the United States at the beginning of the present year was 10 131, with an aggregate circulation, per issue, of 20 677 638.

Some thoughtless boys stretched a wire across a sidewalk in Kansas City a few evenings ago. A citizen, hurrying home, tripped over it, fell, and cracked his skull.

An Erie Railroad engineer always catches his dinner as he passes his residence, his wife handing it to him as the train goes by, and she has missed but once during the past eight years.

A man is to be hanged in Arkansas for accidentally killing another; but the chance shot was intended for some one else, and bad aim was held to be no defense whatever under the law.

An old man in San Francisco committed suicide because two confidence swindlers had robbed him of $2 500, by which act he saved them from punishment, as he was the only witness against them.

Scandal has been created in a London parish by some unkind wag who filled the offering-bags with large H's cut out of cardboard, the clergyman being famous for dropping that ill-used letter.

The latest novelty in spiritualism is the production of ghostly lights in dark seances. The luminous shapes are crosses, circles, triangles, and other emblems, and they float mysteriously over the heads of the assembled spectators.

A stage robber was recently sentenced to State Prison for ten years. The prospect of so long an imprisonment didn't appear to weigh upon him much, but he protested that, owing to the enterprise of the country, there would probably be no stages to rob at the end of his term.

Some converts were to be baptised by immersion in an Illinois river. The water was icy, which they had expected, and it was also muddy, which was something they could not make up their minds to bear. Therefore they went to a park, in which was a mineral spring and pool, and the ceremony was performed in water strong with sulphur, without any accident to mar the harmony of the occasion.

PRUDENTLY BREAK UP YOUR COLD by the timely use of Dr. J. ayne's Expectorant, an old remedy for Sore Lungs and Throats, and a certain curative for Coughs.

# New Publications.

"Linda; or, The Young Pilot of the Belle Creole," by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, in one volume, paper cover; price, 75 cents. This work should be read by everybody who can appreciate a beautiful love story seasoned with a multitude of stirring adventures. The scene is laid in the South, the tale is full of character and every page is marked by purity of thought and loftiness of purpose. Linda has always had, as it richly deserves, a large share of popular attention, and a place for a copy of it should be found in every home. It is published in a large square duodecimo volume paper cover, in uniform style with "Do sia," "Mars," "L'Assommoir," etc. T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

"Chips from the White House," in this handsome volume of 500 pages have been brought together some of the most important utterances of our twenty presidents, carefully selected from speeches and addresses, public documents and private correspondence, and touching upon a large variety of subjects. Some of them occupy several pages, while others are in the form of aphorisms. The contents are chronologically arranged, the names of the different presidents following each other in consecutive order from Washington to Garfield. Each chapter is prefaced by a brief synopsis of the life and services of its subject, and most of the extracts are dated, with brief explanations of the circumstances under which they were written. The work, in fact, is a handbook from which the reader may learn much of the real characters of the men who form the subject of its contents. It is printed in clear large type, is tastefully and strongly bound, and is supplemented by a very full index. Compiled by Jeremiah Chaplin. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, $1 50.

MAGAZINES.

The London Quarterly Review for January, as re published by th Leonard Scott Publishing Company, opens with a highly interesting paper on 'Lord Campbell, Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor," born in 1779 being a review of the "Life and Letters" of Lord Campbell, edited by his daughter, Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle. The other articles are: "California Society," "Lord Bolingbroke in Exile," "Protection of British Birds," "Lord Beaconsfield's 'Endymion,'" "Belief and Unbelief," "Justin McCarthy's History of Our Own Times," "Employment of Women in the Public Service," "The Scottish and the Law," "The Truth about Ireland." Received from W. H. Zeber & Co., this city.

The leading features of Appleton's Journal for April is the first part of a story of our Great life, by Professor George Ebers. The title is: "A Question: a Greek Idyl." This is followed by an article on 'Mysteries and Miracle-Plays," by Mrs. Hooper. There is a long review, with extracts, of Oliphant's "Land of Gilead," the account of the "dervish miracles" being fairly startling. Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt has an eminently amusing paper on the profound question, "Why does the Crab go Sideways?" We have the second of Helena Faucit Martin's papers on "Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters;" a curious essay on ancient 'Greek Dinners;" a review of Palmer's recent biography of "Caliph Haroun Alraschid;" a rich group of selections from Ruskin's just published "Arrows of the Chace" and a capital essay from the Country Parson, called 'Concerning the Cheerfulness of the Old." There is a stirring novelette, given complete, entitled, "A Curious Ghost; or, Winthrop's Adventure." The editor, in his department, ventures to question the claims of Carlyle to be considered a great thinker; and having, last month, attempted to demolish the notion of woman's intuitions, he, in this number, disputes the common idea that tact is a special feminine quality. D. Appleton & Co., publishers, New York.

ANCIENT TABLE MANNERS.—A very strange custom prevailed with both the Greeks and the Romans of the guests taking away with them the viands that remained uneaten. On this the droliest account is in the "Symposium" of Lucian. The party consisted of learned and dignified philosophers, whom, of course, the author intends to satirize. Up to a certain point the remnants were fairly divided, but unfortunately, one chicken, more plump than the rest, attracted the attention of one of the party who had no just claim to it. The rightful owner would not let it go so they both tugged at it; a general tumult ensued, and the guests took the fowls by the legs and hit each other in the face with them, pulled beards, shouted, and pelted each other with cups. That such scenes really took place at the dinners given to Roman clients is seriously affirmed by Juvenal; and in one of the satiric plays of Æschylus, a guest complains that a certain vessel was broken over his head. Indeed, it would be a rather curious inquiry how far drunkenness was solicitousness or mere excitement, for it is likely enough that the Greek temperament was easily roused to fury by a very small amount of alcohol. Certainly, no rigid etiquette prevented practical jokes of a serious kind. We read in Plautus of an unfortunate parasite having a pot full of ashes flung at his head at dinner, for no other purpose than to raise a general laugh against him. Some anecdotes are told which confirm this view. One Philoxenus was dining with Dionysius. Seeing a fine all mullet placed on his plate, but a large one on that of the host, he took the cooked fish in his hand and put it to his ear. "What are you doing?" asked the host. "I am writing a poem, and I want to find out from this fish something of the sea-god Nereus. But it says it was caught too young, whereas the big fish on your plate followed in Nereus' train, and knows all about him." The host laughed, and ordered the fishes to be exchanged. A certain Spartan was dining at a table on which sea urchins were served. He took one, and not knowing how to manipulate it, put it into his mouth, and crunched it shell and all. After making wry faces over it, he exclaimed, with true Spartan courage, "Filthy eating! I am not going to turn a coward and give you a row, but I shan't take you any more." Rather a neat repartee is recorded of one Philoxenus, a parasite. Observing that the host supplied black bread, he quietly said, "Don't put any more of that on the table or you will make the room dark." Another, seeing an entree that was being carried round, stopped the host, inquired, "Am I tipsy, or is it a fancy of mine that these things are going round?"

A little Miss has a grandfather who has taught her to open and shut his cash box. The other day, however, he came home with an ordinary style one. Suddenly he sees the child coming with the new stove-pipe wrinkled like an accordeon. "Oh, grandpa," she says, "this one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half shut."

## KEEPING TRUE.

Behind the cloudy amethyst
And gold of eve the sunset dips.
For you unfathomed sea of mist
The moon her silver cable slips;
Her crescent shallop skims and gleams
O'er twilight's rosy shoals and bars,
Till faint her jeweled pennon streams
Beyond yon lonely cape of stars.

Love, thou art late! With burning hope
And chilling fear (the dews are falling)
I watch the rosary's terraced slope,
Where some belated thrush is calling;
The moonbeams crystal rain distills,
And, edged with faint, resplendent light,
The purple silhouettes of the hills
Glitter against the deepening night.

My love, without the rosery gate,
Where ruddy spikes of lilac bloom,
Their sensuous sweetness shed, I wait
Thy lightstepe flitting thro' the gloom.
A joyous murmur stirs the dark—
A thrill of vague expectancy—
Like silver shadows through the park
The startled deer to covert flee!

Hush! From behind the smilax hedge
The glimmer of a white robe drifts—
The lily at the fountain edge
Her ghostly head in warning lifts!
Led by the glow-worm's fairy lamp,
He flies to me, my dove, my dear!
(This dewy tryst is very damp;
I've caught rheumatic chills, I fear.")

—D. E. W.

# The World of Humor.

A growing industry—Farming.

A trying affair—Buying a new hat.

Cure for brain on fire—Blow it out.

A sound thrashing—Beating a drum.

A dry subject—An Egyptian mummy.

The civil service—Opening the door for anybody.

The real lucky fisherman is the one who doesn't catch the rheumatism.

Small dishes are decorated so handsomely now that pickles look unhappy in them.

Is there a soul living who has heard a sentiment as emanating from the breast of Bell?

If a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in his chest.

A sign announcing "The Vacuum Cure" is hung out from the window of an eating-house up town.

A California paper, in describing a row among the Chinamen, says that they "use iron bars and other sedatives freely."

"Better late than never," if applied to going for a train, is incorrect, as a man has only so much extra trouble by going.

Mr. Stickerly, a happy parent in Ohio, names his children "One," "Two," "Three," etc., as they arrive, without regard to sex.

It is said that "a young man of society," out making a call, may wear two watches, and yet not know when it is time to go home.

"Mr. Jones, what makes the canary sleep on one leg?" "I don't think anything makes him, my dear; I think he does it of his own accord."

A lovely poem entitled "The Suicide" is going the rounds just now. We are glad to see that the poets have finally got into the right path.

An old dilapidated note is going the rounds with a piece of yellow paper pasted on the back of it, on which is written, "Go it, Bill; I'll back you!"

A young man who was caught pressing his sweetheart to his breast the other night justifies himself on the ground that he has a right to strain his own honey.

A merchant having sunk his shop floor two feet, intimated that goods would be sold "considerably lower than formerly, in consequence of recent improvements."

The editor of a country paper remarks that half the people who attend musical entertainments in his town "don't know the difference between a symphony and a sardine."

Blindman's Buff is supposed to come nearer to genuine human sympathy than another amusement known to the children of men, because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

A countryman has had his teeth pulled to help him to stop chewing tobacco. This is on the principle in vogue among the Chinese, where they cut off a boy's head to cure him of swearing.

Remember that a little Hop Bitters saves big Doctor bills, and cures when all else fails. [Send ad for testimonials.]

We know a man so cross-eyed that he put his hand into another man's pocket and abstracted therefrom a watch. He wanted to learn the time. The judge told him it would be three years.

A French chemist has discovered a way to produce thunder storms. A long hair on the coat collar, of a different color from what it should be, will produce thunder-storms, though the Frenchman has likely got a different method.

Little Johnnie is quite sure the picture of a Spitz dog he drew on the parlor wall was good, because it made his father mad.

A most worthy man, unaccustomed to public speaking, being suddenly called upon to address a Sunday-school, rose to his feet, and, after vainly struggling for utterance, at last muttered, "Dear children, don't ever play with powder."

"I play only by note," said a pianist. "Seems to me you could do more execution if you would play by ear," remarked Fogg. "Such a reach, you know." And the pianist rose and left for Fogg who got himself out of the way just in time.

The speaker at an anniversary meeting mournfully said: "One by one our friends are passing away from us into the land of shadows." "Well," exclaimed an old lady, "you wouldn't have 'em go two by two, all in a bundle, would you?"

A furniture dealer seized upon a woman's baby for a debt of $5, but, after keeping it two days, he was glad to give his debtor $5 to relieve him of his charge. A baby who can't make life miserable for two or three persons will die very young.

"The mainspring of Italian music in the 19th century," says a recent writer, "was the exclusive and passionate worship of the human voice." But Italian music has experienced a change. Its mainspring is now in a box, and is worked with a handle.


### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer Street, Boston, Mass.

$500 will be paid for any case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help. Doubt not. See other column.

**When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.**

NERVOUS DEBILITY

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Vital Weakness and Prostration from over-work or Indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by it. Been in use 20 years. —Is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price. Humphreys' Homeo. Mfg. Co., Fulton & William Sts., New York.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Invalids who have lost but are recovering vital stamina, declare in grateful terms their appreciation of the merits as a tonic of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Not only does it impart strength to the weak, it corrects an irregular acid state of the stomach, makes the bowels act at proper intervals, gives ease to those who suffer from rheumatic and kidney troubles, and conquers as well as prevents fever and ague.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

## Handsome Jewelry Free to All!

The People's Home Journal is a handsome 16-page Illustrated literary and family journal, containing serial and short stories, sketches, poems, useful knowledge, wit and humor, valuable receipts, etc., etc. It is the best paper ever published at the low price of 50 cents per year. Wishing to double our circulation within the next few months, we make the following great offer. Upon receipt of 50 cents in postage stamps, we will send The People's Home Journal for One Year, and to every subscriber we will send, free and post-paid, a Complete Casket containing Six Pieces of Fine Gold-Plated Jewelry, as follows: 1. *Pair of Ladies' Bracelets*, gold-plated and engraved—very handsome. 2. *Ladies' Opera or Neck Chain*, 40 inches long, for watch or locket—very stylish. 3. *Rose Coral Set*, breast-pin and ear-drops—perfect imitation of real coral. 4. *Pair Elegant Gold-Plated Sleeve Buttons*, suitable either for lady or gentleman. 5. *Gentleman's Handsome Scarf-Pin*, consisting of a branch of coral enameled in gold-plate setting—very stylish. 6. *Gentleman's Collar Button*, of a new material, indestructible. This is not cheap price package or gift jewelry, but every piece is a first-class article of genuine worth, beautifully gold-plated, durable and stylish, and there is no question but that this is a most extraordinary bargain. Many of the pieces of jewelry are sold at retail at 25 cents each, but having a large stock on hand, and wishing to greatly extend our circulation, we will, as above stated, send the whole six pieces, together with The People's Home Journal for an entire year, upon receipt of only 50 cents. You can sell the prizes among your friends for double the amount. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Address: F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

BRYAN'S ELECTRIC BELTS AND SUSPENSORIES.

A certain remedy for DISEASES of the KIDNEYS, NERVOUS DEBILITY, IMPOTENCY, WEAKNESS, and all genital ailments arising from sickness or indiscretions. They will cure when every other means have failed. They are the only remedies that will positively cure these complaints without the use of medicine. Send for illustrated pamphlet and give a brief statement of your case, and our Medical Electrician will advise you. Address Electric Appliance Company, 2 Bond Street, New York.

50 Cards no 2 alike 10c. or 25 Bird or Frog chromos name on 10c. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, N. Y.

Diamante Brilliants must not be confounded with the French paste and glass imitations, mounted in cheap gilt or plated settings, with which the country is flooded under the various fancy names given to so-called "imitation diamonds." Diamante Brilliants were exhibited side by side with real diamonds of great value at the Paris Exhibition and were awarded a Prize Medal, and the highest recompense awarded to imitations. They attracted universal admiration, and immediately took the place of, and were intermixed with, costly diamond ornaments, and are now worn at the Court balls and upon all occasions among the best society in London, Paris, and at the capitals of Europe. Diamante Brilliants can be worn at all times, in daylight or gaslight, with perfect confidence and absolute security, as they possess all the brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to real diamonds, and are the only Precious Substitute for Diamonds of the first Water. By their purity and brilliancy they bear comparison with old mine diamonds, and resemble them so closely that detection is almost impossible. They are superior in every respect to real diamonds of inferior quality. The investigations, experiments, and labor of two generations have been expended in bringing these remarkable jewels to their present state of perfection. They are produced chemically by a secret process, known only to the inventors, and they possess all the rare beauty of the gems they counterfeit.

PRESS OPINIONS OF DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS:

"Their lustre and brilliancy obtain universal admiration."—*Court Journal.*—"Precision of perfect purity."—*Journal Society of the Arts.*—"Certainly far nearer in resemblance to real diamonds than anything we have seen."—*The Mechanic.*—"A great achievement."—*Land and Water.*—"The refractive power is equal to real diamonds of the purest water."—*World of Science.*—"They successfully fulfil all the purposes for which real diamonds (even of the first quality) are utilized."—*London Times.*—"Ladies who can afford to wear the real gem will henceforth reserve them for indoors, for since the advent of 'Diamante Brilliants' things are no longer what they seem."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

The reputation of Diamante Brilliants is permanently established abroad, and we take great pleasure in bringing them prominently to the notice of Americans. To do so properly requires some nerve and a liberal outlay of capital. These magnificent stones are imported especially for us, and are set in SOLID GOLD, made in Philadelphia to our order, by one of the largest firms engaged in the manufacture of pure gold jewelry in this country. All the stones are set by professional diamond-setters, and as much skill bestowed upon them as with the precious stones. For the purpose of simplifying our business we use but three sizes of the New Diamonds. The Ring, warranted solid gold, one-half karat stone. The Earrings, warranted solid gold, each ¼ karat stone. The Stud, warranted solid gold, ¼ karat stone. The illustrations give an accurate outline of the style and setting, but no illustration or description can give an idea of their rare beauty. They must be seen to be appreciated. A Ring, same style and quality of setting, but with an inferior stone, has never been sold for less than $4.00. We can safely say the same of the Studs and Earrings, of inferior quality and style, have never been sold for less than $2.00. In London, to-day, Diamante Brilliants, same size stone and quality of settings, are selling for three to four times the prices named above, and we believe them well worth $3 each. SO MUCH FOR THEIR VALUE, AS WE WANT THEM CLEARLY UNDERSTOOD.

What! all this trouble and expense about a Premium for your paper? Yes, indeed! We can't select a Premium that will please everybody in a day, or a year, perhaps, yet we have expended so much time, thought, and labor on these—we are having the settings made, and the mounting under our own roof almost—we feel emphatically they will make every recipient happy. We are ambitious to give The Post the largest circle of readers of any weekly in the Continent, and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America—now in its sixtieth year—and our Superb Diamond Premium offers deserve more attention than the many tempting promises of irresponsible parties. The Post is a large, sixteen-page weekly, and aims to interest every member of the home circle. *At $2 a year it is the cheapest paper in existence to-day.* This is NOT A CHEAP JEWELRY ADVERTISEMENT. We don't sell Diamante Brilliants; we Give them away to Subscribers, and to Club Raisers for, The Post.

Terms.—The Post, one year, and your choice of the Premiums, as a sample, to any address in the United States on receipt of $2 and nineteen 3-cent stamps prior to April 30, 1881. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Post has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability we refer to any bank, express office, or reputable business house in Philadelphia. ☞ All premiums will be withdrawn May 1st, 1881.—Size of finger can be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in a piece of cardboard.—Remittances may be made by P. O. Money Order, Registered Letter, or Bank Draft.—Specimen copy of The Post to any address on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 726 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

# DR. RADWAY'S
# SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

**THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,**

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
**SCROFULA OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS,**
BE IT SEATED IN THE
LUNGS OR STOMACH, SKIN OR BONES, FLESH OR NERVES,
CORRUPTING THE SOLIDS AND VITIATING THE FLUIDS.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloreux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption,

## LIVER COMPLAINT, Etc.,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

## Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Urinary and Womb Diseases, Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an EGG, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins. Sold by druggists. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

OVARIAN TUMOR
OF TEN YEARS' GROWTH CURED
By DR. RADWAY'S REMEDIES.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of Medicine than any other Preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful doses while others require five or six times as much.

## R. R. R.

DYSENTERY,
DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS,
FEVER AND AGUE,
CURED AND PREVENTED

## BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA,
DIFFICULT BREATHING,
HELIEVED IN A FEW MINUTES

## BY RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

## Bowel Complaints.

Looseness, Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or pain in discharges from the bowels are stopped in fifteen or twenty minutes by taking Radway's Ready Relief. No congestion or inflammation, no weakness or lassitude, will follow the use of the R. R. Relief.

## ACHES AND PAINS.

For headache, whether sick or nervous; Nervousness and Sleeplessness, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys; pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints, pains in the bowels, heartburn and pains of all kinds, Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

PRICE, 50c. PER BOTTLE

## RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable and Natural in their Operation.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.

RADWAY'S PILLS, for the cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders

**Price, 25 Cents per Box.**

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, among which may be named: "False and True," "Radway on Irritable Urethra," "Radway on Scrofula," and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

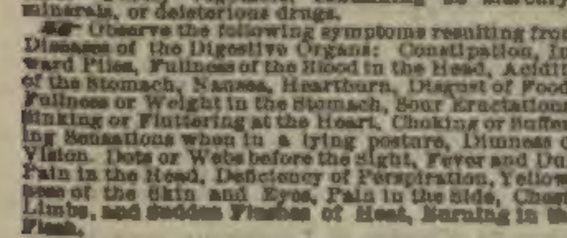
## Read "False and True."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 2 WARREN, corner CHURCH St., New York.
☞ Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

## VIOLIN OUTFITS.



Violin Outfits

Consisting of Violin, Box, Bow and Teacher, sent to any part of the United States on 1 to 5 days trial before buying.

at $3.50, $7., $10. & $22. each. Send Stamp for Beautifully Illustrated 32 page Catalogue of Violins, Guitars, Banjos, Cornets, Flutes, Strings all kinds, Harmonicas, Organ Accordeons, Music Boxes, &c. Lowest Prices. Mail Orders Specialty. C. W. Story, 36 Central St. Boston, Mass.

---

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion, with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can exist for any possibly long period where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer yourself or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "STAFF OF LIFE" and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

---

# FREE

25 Imported useful Household Articles for Samples and Agents catalogue for a 3c stamp to pay postage and packing to all those who mention this paper. London Importing Co., 22, 24 & 26 4th Avenue, New York.

---

FARMERS, Engineers, Mechanics, Mill Owners, Miners, Merchants, &c., will find in MOORE'S UNIVERSAL ASSISTANT AND COMPLETE MECHANIC, a work containing 1016 pages, 300 Engravings, 461 Tables, and over 1,000,000 Industrial Facts, Calculations, Processes, Secrets, Rules, &c., of rare utility in 300 Trades. A $5 book free by mail for $2.00, worth its weight in gold to any Mechanic, Farmer or Business Man. Agents Wanted. Sure sale everywhere for all time. For Ill. Contents Pamphlet, terms and Catalogue of 500 fast selling Books, address NATIONAL BOOK CO., 79 Beekman St., New York.

---

## Do Your Own Printing!

$3 Press for cards &c. Self-Inker $5. Larger sizes for business use pleasure, boys. Type setting easy by printed instruction. Great money saver and money maker. Send 2 stamps for Catalogue of Presses, Type, etc., to manf'rs.

KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

---

**102 YOUR NAME** in New Type on 10c Chromos, 10c. All new styles, designed by best artists. *Bouquets, Gold Chromo, Birds, Landscapes, Fancis, Winter Scenes, etc.* Best collection of Cards ever sold for 10c. Sample Book containing samples of all our Cards, 25c. Largest Card House in America. Dealers supplied with Blank Cards. AMERICAN CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

---

**ANY GENT** or lady that sends us their address will receive something Free by Mail that may prove the stepping stone to a life of success. It is especially adapted to those who have reached the foot of the hill. Address M. YOUNG, 175 Greenwich St., New York.

---

## TAPE WORM

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in 2 or 3 hours. For particulars address, with stamp, to H. RICKHORN, No. 4 St. Mark's Place, New York.

---

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. TOWELL & CO., Manufacturers, Mass.

---

**EMPLOYMENT**—LOCAL OR Traveling State which preferred. Also SALARY per month. All EXPENSES advanced. WAGES promptly paid. SLOAN & Co. 508 George St. Cincinnati, O.

---

**CARDS** 10 Lily & Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto Scroll & Engraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all, 15c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

---

**102** OCEAN SHELLS & CHROMO CARDS, no 2 alike, name on 10c. 50 for 60, 40 gilt and Bevel edge 10c. CLINTON & CO., New Haven, Conn.

---

**ORGANS** $20 to $1000; 2 to 32 Stops. Pianos $125 up. Papertrec Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

---

**50** All gold, silver, shell, motto and floral Chromo Cards, in beautiful colors, with name, 10c. Agt's sample book 25c. Star Printing Co., Northford, Conn.

---

**53** Gilt Edge, Chromo, Snowflake, Glass, Lace &c. Cards. Name on 10c. Franklin Prt'g Co., Fair Haven, Conn.

---

**FREE** 8 Samples and Catalogue of best selling articles on earth. WORLD M'F'G CO. 112 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

---

**102** Cards, no 2 alike Chromos, Flowers Birds, Animals, &c. name 10c. Victor Co. Northford, Ct.

---

**40** Happy Day, Chromo, Lace, &c. Cards, with name & morocco case 10c. H. M. Cook, Meriden, Conn.

---

**50** Elegant Genuine Chrome Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

---

**102** NEW STYLE CHROMO CARDS. Name on 10c., or 40 all GILT & BEVEL EDGE Cards 10c. U. S. Card Factory, Clintonville, Ct.

---

**50** All Gold, Chromo & Lily Cards (no 2 Alike). Name (in 10c. Clinton Bros. Clintonville, Conn.

---

**30** Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, &c. 10c. ELITE & CO., Clintonville, Conn.

---

# WE ACTUALLY SEND GOODS TO EVERY STATE AND TERRITORY.

OREGON · MAINE · CALIFORNIA · TEXAS

Whether you live in Colorado or Pennsylvania, you can, with the utmost satisfaction, purchase the newest goods for the lowest city prices at the

**GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA,**

The Largest DRY GOODS AND Outfitting House of

**JOHN WANAMAKER.**

NORTH · WEST · EAST · SOUTH

Only the exact goods ordered are sent, and even then, if not as expected, are willingly exchanged, or the money refunded. Samples or prices, with directions for ordering, mailed postpaid upon receipt of postal card specifying what is desired, and no obligation to purchase if prices are not satisfactory.

Address MAIL DEPARTMENT
For Samples and Supplies,
GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.

PLEASE STATE THE PAPER YOU SAW THIS IN.

---

Automatic Finger Piano Action.

Upright Piano Style Case.

## THE MUSICAL MARVEL. Instrument and Musician Combined.

*The Gem of Musical Wonders, THE ORGANINA,* the most wonderful mechanical musical instrument the world has ever seen. It plays mechanically, hundreds of tunes in the richest and sweetest melody. No knowledge of music necessary; a child can operate it; a small linen and paper perforated strip represents the tune, and simply turning the handle operates the instrument, which puts NO CASE PAPER AS A VALVE, but the perforations serve to manipulate the automatic fingers which open regular valves with almost the touch and expression of the skilled human hand. The Organina embodies every component part of a regular Cabinet Organ. Bellows, keys, valves, swell, and *automatic finger action.* In fine black walnut or ebonized cases, gilt and nickle trimmings, and heavy curved plate-glass panel, showing the action of the automatic fingers, which is very interesting. The Organina has 36 notes or reeds, two more than other mechanical musical instruments. Price in black walnut cases, only $10; in ebonized, $11; in solid mahogany, $12. Automatic-Feed roll attachment, $2.50 extra. The Organina is handsomer and in every way more desirable than a One Hundred Dollar French Music Box.

The most beautiful gift of the season. Read the following letter from such high musical mechanical authority as the **Manufacturers of the famous Chickering Pianos:**—"* * * *After having carefully examined the Organina manufactured by you, it gives me pleasure to offer my testimony to its ingenious and perfect mechanical construction. In my opinion, it combines more advantages and good qualities than any of the kind of instruments that has ever been brought to my notice. Truly yours, GEO. H. CHICKERING.* Hundreds of the most popular tunes are ready for the above instrument; the music costs but a few cents per tune, and lasts for years. A selection of music goes free with each one. The Organina is the handsomest, sweetest, and most interesting musical instrument yet produced, and will repay its cost in genuine enjoyment a hundred fold. Order one! Satisfaction guaranteed.

T. J. HARRACH, 809 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa., General Agent.

**Mammoth Illustrated Catalogue of Musical Wonders, 3c. Stamp.**

---

## CONCERT HARMONICAS:

OR MOUTH ORGANS.

These little instruments are now very popular, and the music produced is very sweet. Having obtained from GERMANY a large invoice of these goods, of the best make, and can sell them at the following low prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| 10 Double Holes, 4 sides, steel plates, brass polished sides, in box | $1.00 |
| 6 Double Holes, same finish as above | .50 |
| 10 Double Holes, 2 sides, brass polished sides, 1 side organ, 1 side tremolo | 1.50 |
| 6 Double Holes, 2 sides, brass polished sides, 1 side organ, 1 side tremolo | 1.00 |
| 6 Double Holes, extra fine, concert harmonicas, tuned for konsert, 2 sides, brass plate, Engraved German Silver Sides, each in box | 2.50 |
| 10 Double Holes, same as above | 1.50 |

We will send either one of these Splendid Harmonicas, by mail, post-paid on receipt of price, and 2c cents extra, in postage stamps, for postage. VIOLIN OUTFITS, including Bow, Box, &c. $1.75, $3.00, $6.50. Our New Illustrated Catalogue, sent on receipt of stamp. MASSACHUSETTS ORGAN CO., 57 Washington St., Boston.

---

## PENSIONS

ARE PAID every soldier disabled by accident or otherwise. A WOUND of any kind, loss of finger, toe or eye, RUPTURE, if but slight, disease of Lungs or Varicose Veins give a pension. Under new law thousands are entitled to an increase of pension. Widows, orphans and dependent fathers or mothers of soldiers get a pension. Send 8 stamps for copy Pension and Bounty Acts. Address P. H. Fitzgerald & Co., Claim Agents, Indianapolis, Ind. Refer to Ind. Banking Co. and First Central Bank both of Indianapolis.

---

**RIDGE'S FOOD** The MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a medicine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every label.

---

MUSTACHE AND WHISKERS.

---

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED from any part of the body in five minutes, without injury to the skin, by "DUHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Sent by mail for $1 by B. T. DUHAM, 55 South 4th Street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free.

---

**50** BEAUTIFUL ALL NEW DESIGNS of Butterfly, Dragon fly, Rob'n Red-breast, Floral, Pansies, Violets and Moss Rosebud Chromo Cards, name on, 10c. Card Mills, Northford, Ct.

---

CARD Collectors! 30 Specimens of Gold & Chromo embossed Advertising Cards, no two alike on 1 by 10c. American Publishing Co., West Haven, Conn.

---

**50** Cards, Chromo, Motto, Rose, &c., all new style name on 10c. Ag'ts samples 10c. G. A. Spring, Northford, Ct.

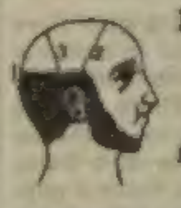
---

**25** Lovely Gold, silver, rosebud & motto chromo cards, no 2 alike, 10c. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N. Y.

---

**50** Gold and Floral Chromo Cards, No 2 alike, 10c. Ag'ts outfit 15c. (Agent Wanted.) Riverbank

---



R. DOLLARD,
619
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA.
Premier Artist

IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

*For Wigs, Invisibles.*
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead

*Toupees and Scalps, Invisibles.*
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentleman's Hair.

---

THE MILD POWER
# CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Diseases and its Cure (144 pages) Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

---

**30** ALL Lovely Rose Rose and assorted Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Agents sample book including Outfit 20. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Ct.

---

**50** Cards, latest designs, Rice-bells, Ferns, Horseshoe Chromos, &c. 10c. Branford Pr'tg Co. Branford, Ct.

---

# 47 CHOICE PIECES MUSIC! WITH COMPLETE WORDS AND MUSIC FREE!

We will send the **ILLUSTRATED LITERARY GUEST**, a mammoth Family Story Paper, filled with bright and sparkling serial and short stories, sketches, poems, puzzles to fast everything to amuse and delight the whole family circle. We want 50,000 new readers for our Paper immediately, and to enable them and introduce it into every home in the Union where it is not a regular visitor, we are now making the following extraordinary offer: We will send the **LITERARY GUEST** (the price of which is $1 per year), **free** for the next **four months** to all who will send us **15 cents** in postage stamps to pay postage upon the paper for that length of time, and to help pay the cost of this advertisement, and to each person we will send free, **47 Choice Pieces of Music**; 24 beautiful Songs, and 23 charming Instrumental Pieces by the best American and foreign composers. They are printed on good paper and full size, no such offer has ever before been made by any publisher. The usual price of sheet music is 25 cents per piece; at that price the above 47 pieces would cost $10.35. The high cost of music is due to the few sold of each piece and the large discount made to dealers. We make this offer simply to introduce the **GUEST**, we merely ask the small sum of 15 cents to pay postage, etc. Never was so great an opportunity offered! Do not miss it! Address, **CHASE & CO., Drawer 976, Westboro, Mass.**

# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION NOTES

MORE wedding trousseaus are in course of preparation during the early part of the spring than at any other time of the year, perhaps, and it is with a view to these trousseaus that I give some notes on the useful and ornamental lingerie to be seen at the prominent houses.

Ladies' chemises and drawers are made of a variety of materials, plainly or richly trimmed, at a corresponding variety of prices; the materials are linen of several makes, cambric, and for summer wear, batiste—both cotton and linen.

The newest French hand-made under-clothing show close-fitting, less bulky garments than those formerly found at the lingeres'. The newest chemises revive an old fashion of having the band fit the shoulders, and slip over the head without being buttoned in front, or drawn up by strings. The body of the garment is then made quite flat by five rows of lengthwise tucks, that are separated by bands of fine needlework done on the garment. This makes the chemise to fit almost as closely as a corset cover. The embroidery is beautifully shaded, and represents very small flowers, leaves, or else scrolls and arabesques.

Square-necked French chemises are similarly made, but have the sleeves cut in one with the bodice, and are buttoned on the top of the shoulder, where the sleeves are scarcely an inch wide. When larger bands are used, a new trimming is clusters of tucks pointed or scalloped at the top, and separated by lengthwise bands of seeded embroidery, that have light hem-stitching on each side. This effective trimming makes up the band, forms the entire sleeves, and is also repeated below the band to flatten the body of the chemise. Much feather-stitching on tiny bands is worked amid tucks and lace.

The Pompadour chemises are made much higher on the neck behind than in front, and there is a kind of stomacher made up of lengthwise puffs of cambric and of insertion. Below this and around it is an edging of plaited embroidery, which is in its turn edged with Valenciennes lace of the pattern, that have plain meshes, and merely a Valenciennes scallop. This light feathery lace is not real, but is pretty and durable.

These garments are made of the French percales of different qualities, ranging from makes of the thick, heavy percale that can be worn in turn with the thicker domestic muslins, to the light qualities that are as thin as cambric, and are preferred to linen for winter use, being also worn in summer by many ladies, who find linen too cold for wearing near the flesh.

The embroidery worked directly on the garment is in better taste and far more durable than the rows of Hamburg or Madeira embroidery that are seen on cheaper underclothing. Cambric corset covers, with the long shoulder seams in the back, are found to be the best fitting when bought ready made. These extend long over the hips, have all the seams covered, and are edged at the neck with narrow embroidery.

The most popular French night dresses have either a yoke or box-plaits behind to hold the fulness, while the fronts are trimmed long and square, like a shirt front. There may be either three or five lengthwise box-plaits behind. A single wide frill, or else two frills, with the outer one quite narrow, make a popular trimming for the neck of the gown.

Sometimes these frills are box-plaited edged with new plain Valenciennes, and there is a lengthwise row of feather stitching between the box-plaits. The square shirt front is often formed of open-work embroidery in small squares alternating with lace squares, or else there are rows of insertion separated by puffs either straight or in diagonal clusters, or perhaps there are as many as eight rows of beading, through which is run very narrow satin ribbon. Ivory white ribbon is preferred to colors for all lingerie at present.

On other French nightgowns the front is formed by rows of needlework done on the gown, separated by clusters of fine tucks.

Under-petticoats are now far more elegant than they were even a few years back; flannel skirts of white or colored twill are very prettily ornamented with a flounce at the edge, the flounce being either bordered with lace or scalloped and embroidered in colors. Equally elegant are the flannel matinees, or short loose jackets; these are trimmed with lace-edged pleated flounces down the front, round the edge and on the sleeves and pockets; others have flounces with colored embroidery, or deep lace flounces. It may be remarked that this soft twilled flannel washes and wears admirably.

A material very much used for underskirts and matinees is pique with a swansdown lining, to take the place of flannel in summer. The skirts are scalloped at the edge, or trimmed with embroidery or lace; underskirts for the summer are also made of longcloth and cambric, with wide hems, or finishing off with scalloped edges tucks, embroidery and lace. Matinees of swansdown pique, and dressing-gowns of the same material, are made quite elegant garments, with their prettily-arranged trimmings of embroidery and lace.

White petticoats are made short and trained, and separate flounced trains, for joining on to short skirts, allow of these being also worn with trained dresses. The trimming of the short skirt consists of a very deep flat flounce in front, with embroidery or lace, and at the back two or three deep flounces reaching half way up, or a series of narrower flounces starting from the band, which is made pointed or rounded in front, and straight at the back to draw in with a tape; there are also very inexpensive short white skirts without flounces.

The most convenient skirts, and those which insure a graceful fall to the dresses worn over them, have a steel tournure buttoned inside, forcing the flounced back, whether short or trained, to stand out moderately.

Large white collars of linen batiste will be very popular among young girls for summer wear. For evening, and for older ladies, they are made of guipure, point de Venise, point d'Aiguille, point d'Angleterre, etc.; all these laces set off the dress with which they are worn, and are generally becoming. One variety of these collars has tabs which are tied in front.

Among the new mantles I have as yet seen are variations of the Mother Hubbard, but the variations are often far removed from the original motive; yet there are gatherings round the throat, and gatherings round the sleeves now-a-days, of even mantelets, and these gatherings were a prominent feature in the Mother Hubbard when it was first introduced.

It is certain that, as regards wrappings, small mantles are destined to be the leading style. Already, for a few weeks past, visites have made their appearance, with long tabs in front, and loose sleeves; but, instead of being full in the back, they are quite closely adjusted.

Satin merveilleux, formerly called Surah, and Bengaline, which is almost precisely like the Sicilienne of former times, will be used for wrappings.

Black mantles are lined with colored plush, or with striped satin of gay tints, and black Spanish lace mantles are lined with light flesh-colored and ruby satin—these, of course, only for dressy occasions.

Shorter wraps of medium length with great square sleeves are offered for the spring. These are of black satin Sicilienne, or the twilled satin Surah, elaborately with lace frills and beaded garnitures, or else they are of light gray or écru camel's-hair shirred into shape with many rows of gathers around the the neck, at the waist-line and on the sleeves. Fringes and passementerie trim these wool wraps.

For light summer wraps the small capes will be worn made straight across the back, and with narrow pointed ends reaching below the waist in front, the materials of which will be black camel's-hair, satin, silk, or Surah, and are elaborately trimmed around the neck with high elevated frills of lace, ruches of passementerie beading, and fringe; a simple trimming is on the lower edge.

Other capes are merely large round collars, like the fur collars worn during the winter and others are enlarged to the size of the full pelerines so popular at present.

## Fireside Chat.

### CURTAINS

WINDOW CURTAINS form a most important and necessary part of our house decoration, and the best qualities of needlework are shown to great advantage in them; the difficulties of their arrangement once overcome, there is nothing that will so enrich and beautify the room, or so well repay the trouble taken for their designing and working.

Before we come to the embroidery there is a great deal to be considered in the material, color, or draping of the curtains. They must look well both by daylight, when they have light behind them and are closely gathered together, and at night, when they are spread out and have artificial lights upon them. The material must be suited to the uses and character of the room, neither too rich nor too homely, and it must also be chosen with special reference to embroidery. The coloring must be strictly ruled by the rest of the decoration and be in accordance with it, as well as forming a complete harmony in itself.

Curtains are generally too voluminous, so that they make a cumbrous heap by day, and by night the fold are too small and close, cutting the effect with too strong lines of shadow. For an embroidered curtain the width should not be greater than will allow the curtain to hang quite easily when drawn over the window, and the length should allow it to lie on the floor for the few inches that are needful to keep out the draught.

They should be hung from poles, or brass rods, with rings, and for a small window it will often be convenient and seemly to have one curtain only, to draw over the whole window space.

The embroidery should certainly be worked on the material of the curtain itself. It may seem a little cumbrous, but it is not fine stitching; it can almost always be done in the hand, and so is not more inconvenient than a smaller piece of work in the frame; the appearance of the curtains thus worked is so superior to those ornamented with bands of work, that the increased trouble ought not to be considered.

There are some exceptions, as when work is done on dado pieces of another material, and the horizontal band is perhaps repeated higher up; but it is well to remember that the general effect of an embroidered curtain, both as a decoration and as a drapery, is better when the work is distributed over the whole surface of it than when a part only is embroidered, and when the folds in which it naturally hangs are not disturbed by the increased stiffness of an applied material.

The most important qualities of curtains that form part of an art decoration—and the most beautiful curtains are but a part of the well-considered whole—are, that their color should be harmonious, and that they should hang well. The color they share with the walls, the carpet, and other furniture; the hanging is their special virtue as a drapery; if we neglect either of these—especially the last—we lose the peculiar merits of the curtains as a work of art.

For a dining-room, library, and for winter use in a drawing-room, or where a warm and sober effect is required, the curtains will be of cloth, serge velvet, or perhaps satin. There are also some waste-silk fabrics, of which the deeper colors are good, and some other special materials that are useful if chosen with due caution and regard to their durability, fastness of colors, and fitness for embroidery. Rep is too stiff to hang well or to take work nicely; and none of the varieties of woolen damask are to be commended. Fabrics of mixed materials are often good in color and tempting from their handsome appearance at a small cost, but they seldom wear well, and are very apt to fade.

Serge or diagonal cloth is an excellent material for worked curtains. It is a true and well-woven stuff, it falls in good folds, and it is soft and pleasant to work on. It will bear a rich ornament in filosel or in applied velvet, and is particularly "kindly" with crewel. It has a good range of tone and color, and the middle tints in it are deep without being heavy.

Velvet—or rather velveteen—is also a beautiful material for curtains. It is very durable, and takes the work well. Filosel is the best for the embroidery, the sheen of the silk brightening a material apt to be sombre in its richness. If crewel be used on velvet, which is not much to be advised, the ground being too rich for the ornament, it should be heightened here and there with silk. Velvet does not bear applied work well; the pile interferes with the neat execution—if used, the ornament should be in velvet also, in silk or in satin—the last perhaps the best.

Instances of successful velvet curtains are, first, a deep brown velvet worked with large poppies; detached flowers alternating with a bud or leaf making a smaller sprig, not filled in, but done with a good amount of stitches so that the outline should not look bald. Simple line borders are worked at the top and bottom of the curtains, and all the work is done in one shade of bright red filosel.

Another beautiful set has been worked on velvet of a somewhat lighter and yellower shade of brown than the first, with conventional sprigs applied in gold-colored silk with points and markings in two shades of gold-colored filosel, the direction of the stitches giving a variety of tone to the leaves.

For serge and cloth curtains repeated patterns look very well carried over the whole of the curtain, and bordered with a few simple lines near the edges. Sometimes a star or roundel, or a few transverse bars between the lines, finish the curtain well. This work may be done in crewel or filosel, or, the main part of the work being in crewel, the centres of each pattern or star may be in filosel, which will brighten the whole effect.

These patterns will look well all in one color, or two or more shades of the same color may be used; a variety of color will not suit them. A great advantage of these repeated patterns is that the curtains look well when drawn back from the window, as what is lost in one fold is shown in another, and the beholder is not irresistibly driven to spread them out in order to solve the mystery of disjointed pieces of ornament.

The branching patterns are well adapted for curtains, and will suit any materials. These large flowers and leaves, on stems that rise from the base line of the curtain, cover the whole space with a noble damasking which modifies the tone of the ground. It goes well with a Queen Anne style of decoration, and is found in curtains of her time. A fine set was lately worked in this style on a rich cream colored satin, which had a beautiful sheen. The ornament is of filosel, of a deep gold color. Some bordering lines are also needed for this kind of pattern.

A third kind of ornament is the placing of detached sprays or single flowers at fitting distances over the curtain, called in heraldry a powdering. Great care must be taken with these sprigs or they will have a spotty effect, one of the most annoying that can be produced. To avoid it they should not contrast too sharply in color with the ground; the last of their embroidery, even if in nearly the same color as the curtain, is sufficient to make them tell. It is in these apparently small matters that we apply art to our work and lift it above the range of the commonplace and frivolous.

Another very good style for curtains is to put on a dado of another material or color. The depth of this dado should be determined with regard to the walls of the room; if they have a dado, that on the curtains should be nearly of the same height; if the walls have a division high up, with a frieze above the patterned paper, the curtains will probably look better in another style. For a large and lofty room the broad band of a darker color on the curtains looks well; it should be of a darker shade of the same color as the curtain, or at least harmonize with it, as a warm brown with a deep red will often do.

For the ornament, a row of upright stems of large flowers boldly embroidered or in applied work is very handsome, and this may be worked on the dado before it is sewn on the curtain. The body of the curtain may be plain, or may be worked with single flowers of the same kind, or corresponding in color to those below, always remembering the caution given above with regard to sprigs. If the dado be ornamented, and the rest of the curtain left plain, it may be improved by a band of the same stuff as the dado, and about one fourth its width, embroidered to correspond with it, and placed about its own width from the top of the curtain. The whole may be further enriched by narrow borders of stitches where the bands are sewn on to the curtain, or with woven braids or laces, as the upholsterers call them. The colors of these should be carefully chosen; the middle tints of the embroidery will give the best shades, perhaps.

Some handsome curtains we have lately seen have a broad dado of dark velvet upon deep red cloth. On this dado is a bold pattern of sunflowers, and their leaves standing up all in a row; they are applied work, with several threads of crewel sewn down round each leaf and flower. A band of dark blue cloth goes round dado and curtain, edged with narrow lines of brown, and studded with circles of yellow-brown cloth also edged with brown—the three primary colors being brought into harmony boldly and successfully.

It is plain that such curtains would only suit a spacious hall, but if this style be chosen for a room in which there is some fear of its proving too conspicuous and unduly occupying the eye, it will be better to have very little contrast in tone between the ground of the curtains, the dado, and the ornament; this will give a very soft and pleasant effect. It may be still more retiring by dispensing with the upper applied band, and working a branching pattern over dado and ground alike. For instance, two shades of golden brown serge or cloth, or cloth and a velvet dado, worked with filosel or rather deep gold color, falling somewhat sharply on the dado and more softly on the cloth, will be rich and harmonious.

Perpendicular arrangements of ornament are not much advised for curtains. They seldom have a pleasing effect, for they carry the eye mounting up to an uncomfortable height where there is nothing further to gratify it. If a room be so low that some upright lines are desired for it, flower stems will probably be sufficient to give the wished-for effect.

# Answers to Inquirers.

SUBSCRIBER, (La Crosse, Wis.)—Yes.

W. H. M. (Berks, Pa.)—They will do all they promise.

A. M. B. (Conesus, N. Y.)—The firm is in every way reliable.

I. D. M. (Henry, Mo.)—1. You will receive it in a few days. 2. As far as we know they are.

E. Y. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The parties implicated were tried and convicted. Your can procure the work at any first-class bookstore.

J. D. (McKenzie, Tenn.)—We have never heard of such a company, and do not believe there is one. If it exists at all it is certainly very insignificant.

M. E. C. (Jefferson Co., Ark.)—We think there is a paper of that name printed in New York. A letter simply directed New York City will reach the publishers.

IGNORANCE, (Beadeld, Ind.)—As they stand, there is no meaning whatever to the words, nor are they from any language using the Roman letters. Tell us where you met them and in what connection, and we may be able to explain their meaning.

J. H. P. (North Bangor, Me.)—135 pounds is about the proper weight for a young man of twenty, supposing he is only moderately tall. 2. We have not seen the last census of those cities, but that of 1870 makes New Orleans the largest by over 40,000 inhabitants.

J. T. (Davenport, Ia.)—It should be understood that we cannot publish the addresses of business houses. When the address of any firm is desired, a postal directed to the writer should be sent along with the inquiry. When this condition is complied with, we will most cheerfully give the desired information.

SUB. (Haverford, Pa.)—The question is one that only a lawyer can answer, and he will find it additionally difficult if you make it no clearer to him than you have to us. Postage from any place outside the city is three cents, not one. And written missives must always bear a three cent stamp, whether the envelope is sealed or not.

D. C. M. D. (Bristol, Mev.)—Here is the fact the apprentice system has almost gone out of fashion in machine shops and elsewhere. Learners are of course still taken, but no regular indentures are signed. The time of apprenticeships is from three to five years, and the wages from six to ten dollars per week. Journeymen, perhaps, get from ten to fifteen. See answer to J. T., 2. The firm is reliable. This is answered by the reply to the latter part of your first question.

L. L. K. (Hamlet, Ill.)—Several explanations are given of the origin of St. Valentine's Day and its name. The explanation generally received is that St. Valentine, a young Christian, was martyred on this day by the Emperor Claudius. The day happened to be one that in Pagan custom was devoted to an interchange of love epistles etc., among the young, and the custom was gradually transferred to Christianity. It is an old saying that the birds begin to mate on this day. Valentines get their name from the day.

SUBSCRIBER, (Frederick, Md.)—He could sue the woman for her breach of faith, but would probably be nonsuited and laughed out of court. It has never happened, we believe, that a man in this country has succeeded in winning a suit for breach of promise. To do this with impunity is one of the enviable privileges the sex has possessed from time immemorial. There is this satisfaction for you, however: you can well afford to be rid of a sweetheart who could cause-lessly break her word, and thank Heaven for your good fortune that it happened in time.

ALIQUIS, (Pottsville, Pa.)—1. The line "To point a moral and adorn a tale," is from a poem by Samuel Johnson. 2. You could probably get a good edition of Smollett's novels for five dollars. Any of the leading publishing houses could furnish them. 3. We are not in a position to know which house does the most business. 4. Vendetta is an Italian word and means revenge. In Sicily, formerly, if a member of one family was killed by another, the latter was murdered in turn, and so on until perhaps both families were all killed. This was called a "vendetta." 5. When Wallace was elected the Legislature was Democratic.

G. B. S. (Detroit, Mich.)—You can get the ring on the terms mentioned. 2. You have started in the only way possible. Continue writing until you succeed. If you can get a letter, or endorsement from an influential friend, it will come so much the sooner. In fact, we fear without this you will have a weary waiting, no matter what your ability. 3. Telegraphing is a good business, and as it is constantly growing it would pay to learn it we think. Solely as a profession, it may have disadvantages, but as a resource or adjunct to other qualities, it is always valuable. 4. Your handwriting is as neat and business like as we would wish to see. 4. Yes, and well worth the money.

EDWARD, (Baltimore, Md.)—Of course not, a proper and sensible husband will not desert the society of his wife. It is too true, unfortunately, that after marriage many men do as you say—namely, "become convivial; and then they mingle in gay society, and home is left to take care of itself; that others become intellectual, and lecture rooms and reading-rooms are frequented and home is deserted." But common fairness demands that at every enjoyment of whatever kind should be mutual. The lover who was so assiduous in his attentions should not lose that assiduity after putting the plain gold ring on the finger of his lady love. We fear you are beginning to get tired of home, since the little quarrels of such frequent occurrence between yourself and wife.

CRAZY JANE, (Lansing, Mich.)—It is possible that the young man is moved by the best motives in his conduct, but his trying under certain circumstances to assume the position of an accepted lover, while publicly acting otherwise, looks suspicious. Your best plan, since he has openly discontinued his attentions, is for you to refuse to receive them privately. If he is an honorable man, this will only strengthen his love if he feels it, and should it drive him away altogether, the consciousness of doing right, and perhaps saving yourself from something terrible, will sustain you. Your people are right in their estimate of his attentions. Try to avoid him without making the effort particularly plain, and if he really loves you, he will come back to you. As the world goes now-a-days, his excuse for breaking the engagement is not a good one.

PENSIVE, (Camden, N. J.)—Our first advice to you is to wake up and throw off the feelings which so depress your spirits. Take our word for it that the habit you have fallen into is very injurious to the health. It nearly always happens that in reverie the mind gravitates towards some subject of thought and imaginings which are unworthy, oftentimes debasing. The individual may not at first, or until after months, or even many years, if he is on the whole a sensible thinker, be aware how much he has become the creature of circumstances in this respect. In nine cases out of ten there is a distinct tendency to degeneracy in moral tone and character when reverie is practiced. Of course there are religious reveries, but these rapidly become morbid by revolving around subjects that affect the emotional nature and stir the animal impulses. It is not only a loss of the will which is to be feared. There may not be any overt or actual tendency towards mind-weakness in the ordinary sense, and yet a very decided enfeebling of the will and subjugation of the imagination and it apt to become fantastic to the detriment of the reason, or prurient to the blunting of the moral instinct.

E. L. R. (Campbell Ky.)—St. Symphorosa was a Christian martyr, put to death during the reign (A. D. 117-138) of the Roman Emperor Adrian. Getulus, her husband, a Tribune of the people, confessed the faith of Christ and was arrested in his home at Tivoli, condemned to death and executed. After a vain endeavor to conceal herself and her seven sons in a pit, Symphorosa was arrested with her children, Crescent, Julian, Nemese, Primitif, Justin, Stactee and Eugene, and was offered the choice of renouncing her religion or of being sacrificed. Upon her choosing the latter the Emperor ordered her to be taken to the Temple of Hercules, whipped, and then suspended by her hair. But she remained firm in her faith. He then ordered a large stone to be fastened to her neck and that she be thrown into the river Sevaron, which flows by Tivoli. This was done. The next day Adrian had the seven sons of Symphorosa brought before him, and trying in vain to compel them to change their belief, he ordered seven posts to be planted around the Temple of Hercules. To these posts were tied the seven brothers and they were then quartered. Their bodies were thrown into one large grave, which the Christians called the grave of Hadrianites. It is said that Baronius built a church at the place, of which there are still to be seen some vestiges, nine miles from Rome, and the people call the spot the Seven Brothers.